THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXXII No 29—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JUNE 13th, 1933.

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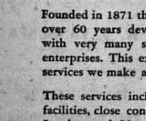

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BOARD OF EDUCATION

The Napanee Board of Education met in the Council Chamber in the Town Hall on Monday evening, Chairman Alpine Woods presiding.

Members present—Messrs. J. L. Boyes, J. W. Robinson, Dr. D. R. Hall, P. Gleeson, J. E. Miller, E. J. Pollard, S. G. Reid, Rev. A. J. Wilson, Jas. Craig.

The resignation of Miss Jessie Mair from the teaching staff of the West Ward school was read and on motion accepted, and the chairman and secretary of the Board were instructed to forward to Miss Mair a letter of appreciation of her long years of service in the Napanee schools, with the hope that she may for many years enjoy a well earned pension.

A letter from G. E. Gibbard, expressing his appreciation to the Board for the use of the ground being fitted up as a baseball diamond, was read and on motion fyled.

The monthly report of the School Nurse was read and on motion fyled.

A number of accounts for supplies for the schools were approved by the Finance Committee and on motion ordered paid.

Mr. Jamieson presented the monthly report of the Collegiate, showing the number of pupils on roll to be 311, and the average attendance 292, or 90%.

Dr. G. W. Mordon and Mr. C. B. Fox on Monday presented the Collegiate Institute with a very fine piece of Italian statuary in white marble, which has been installed on the second floor of the Collegiate.

A motion expressing the Board's appreciation of the magnificent gift was passed and the chairman of the Board and Principal Jamieson were instructed to forward to Dr. Morden and Mr. Fox the Board's thanks for their gift.

Mr. M. R. Reid presented his first report of the condition of the Napanee public schools. Mr. Reid found the schools in fair condition, though in need of better lighting, a more liberal supply of drinking fountains, enlarged playgrounds and larger seats in some of the rooms, also another teacher in West Ward school, which is becoming crowded. Report fyled.

Chairman Alpine Woods reported recommending some changes in the windows to give better lighting, the changing of the blackboards in nearly all the rooms and the re-decorating of two or three rooms.

Report adopted and repairs ordered made during holidays, under supervision of Property Committee.

Mr. Trenouth presented the monthly report of the public schools, which was adopted. He also asked to have the accumulated ashes disposed of. Request granted.

The Management Committee reported that 27 applications had been received for the position of teacher in the public schools and recommended a salary of $750 per annum with an increase of $50 per year until the maximum is reached. Report adopted.

Miss Marguerite Way, at present teaching in the South Napanee school, was selected to fill the position vacated by Miss Mair.

In September an extra teacher will be necessary, and Miss Marion Exley was selected for the position.

Board adjourned.

WEDDING BELLS

PARKS—BAIRD

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Bay parsonage on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, when Miss Marion Marguerite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baird, of Anderson, became the bride of Mr. Rockwell Parks, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parks, of Anderson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Beckel. They were attended by the bride's sister, Miss Jean Baird, and the groom's brother, Demster Parks. The bride was exquisitely gowned in blue and white figured georgette with accessories of white to match, while the bridesmaid was becomingly attired in blue crepe with white accessories. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy couple left on a motor trip to Syracuse and other points in New York State. On their return they will reside at Anderson.

PUDDY—BOYES

In Trinity United Church on Saturday evening Miss Grace Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Boyes became the bride of Mr. Beverly Puddy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Puddy, Toronto.

Rev. Harry Pawson, pastor of Trinity Church officiated, and Mr. Ralph Cowle, presided at the organ, in the presence of a small gathering of relatives and close friends of the families. The church was beautifully decorated with orange blossoms, peonies and ferns.

The bride was given in marriage by her grandfather, Mr. J. L. Boyes, and wore an exquisite gown of white transparent velvet, made on princess lines, the train extending from the waist, with bridal veil and accessories to match, and carried a bouquet of sweetheart roses and lily of the valley.

The matron of honor was Mrs. Reginald Batten, of Toronto, who looked lovely in a gown of pale pink flowered chiffon, trimmed with a deeper shade of organdie, and a dainty flower hat and carried an exquisite bouquet of deep pink roses.

The bridesmaid, Miss Helen Grange was becomingly attired in green organdie with green hat and carried a magnificent bouquet of mauce and pink sweet peas. Mr. Jack Reid, of Toronto, attended the groom.

The ushers were James Loblaw, Duff Thompson, Reginald Batten and Lester Boyes, all of Toronto. During the signing of the register Mrs. Harry Pawson sang "Because."

Mrs. Boyes, mother of the bride, looked lovely in white and black chiffon and white hat, and Mrs. Puddy, mother of the groom, wore an imported gown of pale gray satin with fox trimming.

Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held. Over seventy guests were present, including thirty-five from Toronto. Among the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Puddy, parents of the groom, and Mrs. Bliss, grand-mother of the groom. The home was beautifully decorated with flowers, the bride's table having white roses and white sweet peas. Other floral decorations were peonies and ferns. After the wedding lunch, Rev. Harry Pawson proposed the toast to the bride, which was responded to by the groom and Mr. J. L. Boyes. Mrs. Templeton, Sr., poured the coffee and the ices were cut by Miss Minnie Smith.

The happy couple left on their honeymoon for Gananoque after which they will proceed to Montreal, Quebec and points in the United States, the bride travelling in a gown of light beige. On their return they will reside in Toronto.

The groom, who is a Bachelor of Science, is a graduate of Toronto University, while the bride, who is a B.A., is a graduate of Queen's University and one of Napanee's fairest and most popular young ladies.

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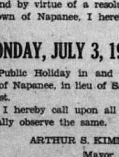

PROCLAMATION
PUBLIC HOLIDAY

In and by virtue of a resolution of the Town of Napanee, I hereby proclaim

MONDAY, JULY 3, 1933

as a Public Holiday in and for the Town of Napanee, in lieu of Saturday, July 1st.

And I hereby call upon all citizens to loyally observe the same.

ARTHUR S. KIMMERLY,
Mayor.

God Save the King."
28-b

COLIN CAMPBELL CHOSEN LIBERAL CANDIDATE AT SYDENHAM

At a crowded convention called at Sydenham on Tuesday, Mr. Colin Campbell, mining engineer of Northbrooke, was unanimously chosen Liberal candidate for the new riding of Addington-Frontenac. Mr. Campbell had already been nominated in the old Addington riding and the new nomination was necessitated by the recent Ontario redistribuion.

Mr. Anson Aylesworth, brother of Sir Alan, in an address praising the vigor and activity of Mr. Campbell, paid tribute to the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald, on this the anniversary of his death. Mr. Nixon reviewed the activities at the recent session, stressing the disclosures made by the Premier in reference to the Abitibi deal. Throughout the Province he said, the Government stood condemned of mismanagement, extravagance and absolute failure to meet the problems of the people. Mr. Campbell, in condemning the Abitibi deal, contended that it would not make possible operation of low grade mines; a 50 per cent. reduction of power costs would mean a saving of only 22 cents a ton in handling ore.

"Our country is not broke," said Mr. Hepburn, pointing out that much of our debt was in the form of bonds held by the people. "The remedy can be secured by reforms. There is no use talking communism, that is not the way out. (Cheers). Let us stop exploitation. That great Liberal across the line is showing the way. Some reforms need international agreements, some Federal action, and in the Provincial field we have control of tremendous expenditures."

The Conservatives referred to Hon. Charles McCrea's recent St. Thomas speech. The Minister of Mines, he said, did not attempt to explain or justify the 6 per cent. loan his Government secured about a year ago in view of the recent 4½ per cent. loan. The former showed a total lack of business judgment or else a catering to the moneylenders, said Mr. Hepburn.

"When we take office we will cancel by one Order-in-Council every appointment made after the four-year term of this Government expires, that is what we will do if Mr. Henry attempts to carry on after the term for which the Government at Queen's Park was elected."

This statement by Mitchell F. Hepburn, M.P., Ontario Liberal Leader raised cheers from those who filled Wesley Hall and from several hundred who stood on the ground outside hearing Mr. Hepburn and Hon. Harry Nixon, M.P.P., by means of amplifiers.

TO BE ENTERTAINED AT COBOURG

On Saturday, June 17th, the Young People of the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church of Canada will receive and entertain one thousand young people of the Federation of Churches from Rochester and Munroe County, who are coming on an excursion from Rochester to Cobourg.

When the Excursion Steamer arrives it is expected that the excursionists will be welcomed by a representative group of citizens including W. A. Fraser, M.P., from Northumberland County, F. J. MeArthur, M.P.P., from Northumberland County, the Mayor of Cobourg, J. Carroll Anderson and Stephen G. Saywell, representing the Young People of the Bay of Quinte Conference, and Rev. W. R. Tanton, and many other local representatives.

After disembarking, the excursionists will be escorted in a parade lead by the Cobourg Collegiate Institute Cadets Band, to the United Church in Cobourg, where a short International Good-Will Service will be conducted. A short address will be made by the local members of Parliament, the Mayor of Cobourg, J. Carroll Anderson, and Rev. W. R. Tanton and the address of welcome will be replied to by Mr. Harold Newman, President of the Munroe County Youth Federation.

At present it is uncertain as to how long the excursionists intend to remain, but if it is found that their stay in Cobourg will permit, it is hoped that an International Girls Softball Game will be arranged between a team representing United States and a team representing Canada. All Young People and other interested citizens are invited to Cobourg on June 17th to take part in this reception.

Ducks are voracious feeders, and it is necessary to supply roughage in the form of green food, forage, or roots, liberally.

PAINT!
Is the best protection against decay. Get your boiled oil, Elephant White Lead and, Antimo. Portland Cement fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

SENTENCED FOR PERJURY

Walter Smith who was taken into custody several days ago on a charge of perjury which arose from evidence which he gave at the coroner's inquest to ascertain the causes surrounding the death of William Baker, was convicted on Thursday morning by His Honor Judge G. E. Deroche, of Belleville, and at the request of his attorney, W. S. Herrington, K.C., sentence was deferred until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when Walter Hagerman, who had been found guilty on a perjury charge by Judge Deroche on Tuesday, came up for sentence.

Both men were asked to stand, and His Honor sentenced each to one year definite, and two years, less one day, indefinite in the Ontario Reformatory.

The Smith trial opened at 10 o'clock, with K. S. Ham, County Crown Attorney conducting the case for the Crown.

The assertion which Smith was arrested for was to the effect "that William Baker fell at the head of the stairs, and the accused and William Hill had carried Baker into Hill's apartment."

Mr. Herrington or rising said that "the onus is on the Crown."

"Drink was at the bottom of it all, but this had no bearing on the case," said Mr. Herrington.

The counsel for the accused severely castigated Hill and the unreliability of his evidence.

In conclusion Mr. Herrington said, "I submit Hill's evidence must be disregarded owing to his condition that night."

In summing up His Honor said, "I do not hesitate to accept the evidence of the two girls against Bush and Smith as I believe the evidence of the two girls and Hill in preference to th of Bush and Smith."

"Bush is not a satisfactory witness," said Judge Deroche.

Crown Attorney Ham, before sentence was passed, said that "Perjury is a very serious offence, as it tends to defeat the administration of justice."

W. F. Nickle, K.C., appearing for Hagerman, made an appeal for leniency.

Judge Deroche said in part; "There is a great deal of perjury taking place in our courts and it is a very serious offence."

Addressing the accused the Judge said, "While you two men have been foolish in your activities the past few years, and several convictions have been registered against you, these offences were not very serious, but this is the first time that you have been charged with perjury. I have a deep faith in human nature, and I hope that when you two men come from the reformatory you will make up your minds to get through with wrong doing. You are going behind in public opinion, in the opinion of your friends and yourselves, and I hope you will both start out fresh and make men of yourselves, and I am sure the community will help you."

THOMPSON GETS SIX MONTHS

Edward Thompson, who pleaded guilty a few days ago on a charge of perjury in connection with his evidence which was given at the Coroner's inquest to ascertain the causes surrounding the death of William Henry Brady, came up for sentence before Police Magistrate Graham on Saturday morning. The accused was given six months determinate and one year indeterminate in the Ontario Reformatory, his sentence dating from May 27th. The Magistrate remarked that perjury was a very serious charge and gave the accused a severe lecture. To sentence three men in Napanee in the same week on perjury charges is something new in court circles in Napanee. The magistrate, after giving his sentence, told the accused that he hoped the publicity re the matter of perjury would be a lesson to him.

DESERONTO ROAD

Mr. William Madole is having his house painted white, which adds greatly to its appearance.

A big truck was disabled just west of the Sand Hill for a couple of days last week until repairs were adjusted and then the truck proceeded on its way.

The early peas for the "Associated Quality Canners" are now, a great many of them in blossom and are greatly in need of rain, which if it comes soon will be a boon to farmers, who also have patches of strawberries drying up.

Mr. Chas Conger is again on his old job of drawing milk to the Selby cheese factory. Charlie makes a very obliging and courteous drawer.

The tourist trade, which has been rather dull through May, is beginning to pick up and the prospects for the next three months is looking better.

Mostly all the farmers are growing a few acres of potatoes, for the new "Deseronto Canning Co.," which is to be owned and managed, we understand, by Mr. William Seales, who has purchased the Big Mill property from the Town of Deseronto.

YARKER WON

In rather a weird exhibition of baseball, Yarker defeated the Gibbard "B" team in a county league game at the Napanee driving park on Saturday afternoon by 13-3.

The day was very hot, but there was a splendid attendance of fans.

The majority of the players on the Gibbard team are playing their first year in baseball, and considering their lack of experience did extremely well, especially when they were stacked up against a team whose members are experienced in the game, and know baseball through and through.

Manager Jimmy Naphan has rounded up a team which with this year's experience should develop into a very capable team next year.

In the Yarker team are some very heavy sluggers, notably Dunn, and they weilded the willow in no uncertain fashion, and several trips to the bases were made owing to errors by the locals.

The teams were :

Yarker—Powley 2b ; Buck lf ; Dunn 3b ; Cline rf ; Allore ss ; Warner 1b ; Scott cf ; O'Neil c ; Kilgannon p.

Gibbards—Switzer cf ; Callaghan lf ; Bentley c ; Card p ; Kilgannon rf ; McCutcheon 1b ; Murphy ss ; Oliver 2b ; Stinson 2b.

Umpires—Warner of Yarker at the plate ; Ray Loucks of Napanee on the bases.

Score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yarker	2	0	4	0	2	4	0	1	0—13
Gibbards	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0—3

Dunn, who has been one of the outstanding players in the county league for the past few years, demonstrated that he has not lost any of his batting powers and he wielded the willow in good style.

The locals are deserving of much credit and their misplays were in the main due to nervousness, and the fact that they were pitted against an experienced team.

RESULTS OF THE TYPEWRITING CONTEST

The Annual Typewriting Contest was held at the Napanee Collegiate Institute on June 7th, at 7.30 p.m. The three Speed Cups were won as follows:

THE SENIOR CUP—Donated by E. J. Roy, open to anyone in the Napanee district, was won by Miss Hilda McGraw, with a speed of 65 words per minute.

THE INTERMEDIATE CUP—Donated by J. G Daly, open to Day or Night School pupils typing less than three years, was won by Miss Viola Brennon, with a speed of 63 words per minute.

THE NOVICE CUP—Donated by T. B. Wallace, open to Day or Night school pupils typing less than one year, was won by Miss Carrie Milling, whose speed was 34 words per minute.

The four Accuracy Cups, one for each class in the Vocational Department, were awarded as follows :

IIIC ACCURACY CUP—Miss Phyllis Jukes, speed 55, 1 error. Accuracy, 99.89.

IIIB ACCURACY CUP—Earl Richardson, speed 40, 2 errors. Accuracy 99.68.

IIC ACCURACY CUP—Miss Veronica Dowling, speed 34; 4 errors. Accuracy 99.57.

IIC—ACCURACY CUP—Miss Mary Ross, speed 47, 6 errors. Accuracy 99.21.

The Ladder Pins, which were presented to the pupil with the highest standing in the class challenge contest were won by :

Miss Jean Baird—IIIC.
Miss Doris Anderson—IIIB.
Miss Eileen Cook and Miss Marjorie Metcalfe—IC.

STERILIZATION MOVE IS REFUSED SUPPORT

Middlesex Council Declines to Endorse Lennox-Addington Support

London, Ont., June 6.—Members of the Middlesex County Council refused to "go in over their depth" this afternoon to endorse a proposal to sterilize mental defectives, a proposal on which no person seemed to be well informed. Instead of adopting a report of the petitioning committee to approve of the move, the Council decided to lay the matter over until next December during, which time County Clerk John Stuart will ask the Department of Health for information on the subject.

COMING EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Town Hall, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 2-tf

THE VICTORIAN ORDER OP NURSES will give a lawn tea at the residence of Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., on Friday, June 16th, from 3 till 6 p.m. Come and bring your friends. 29-a

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D., (Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS RISES FROM THE DEAD

Sunday, June 18.—Mark 16:1 to 20

Golden Text :

He is risen (Mark 16:6)

God did not allow vandal or unbelieving hands to touch the crucified body of His Son after death. "A rich man of Arimathaea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple," went to the Roman Governor Pilate and asked that he might have the body of Jesus. The official permission was given, and Joseph took with him a secret disciple, Nicodemus, who had come to the Lord by night for that memorable interview in which the Lord had declared the necessity of regeneration : "Ye must be born again." The two men lovingly and reverently wound the body of their Lord "in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury," and laid it in a sepulchre, hewn out of a rock, "wherein was never yet laid." A great stone was rolled to the door.

Now that Christ's enemies had had their way—both His human enemies, the Jews and His spirit enemies, Satan and the hosts of evil—we may be very sure they wanted to keep that dead body of the man they thought they had vanquished safely entombed. So the chief priests and Pharisees went to Pilate, reminded that "that deceiver said, while He was yet alive : After three days I will rise again," and asked that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, so that His disciples might have no chances to "come by night and steal Him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead : so the last error shall be worse than the first." Pilate told them curtly to use their own guard and make it tomb as sure as they could. With this authority from the Roman Government they sealed the stone and set a watch. And Satan, who has the power of death, must have been watching and guarding that place of death also ,eager to make his victory sure and lasting.

How impotent was the Government of the mightiest empire on earth, how impotent all the powers of Satan, to hold the dead body of the Son of God when the time came for God's will to be done, for prophecy to be fulfilled, for Christ's victory over sin and death to be consumated !

When God's moment came He raised up His Son, "having loosed the pains of death : because it was not possible that He should be holden of it" (Acts 2:24). A thousand years earlier David had said in one of his Psalms, speaking in prophecy for his Greater Son : "My flesh also shall rest in hope. For Thou wilt not leave my soul in Shoel ; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Psalm 16). That this prophecy of David was fulfilled in the resurrection of Christ is declared in the inspired sermon of Peter a few weeks later on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2:22-2).

As our Lord rose from the dead, "behold, there was a great earthquake," and "the angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door." The watch guard set by the Jews did not accomplish much in the way of keeping the Lord of glory in the grave !

It has been noted by Bible students that the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, not to let the risen Lord out, but to let His disciples in. The risen Christ needed no help of that sort ; He passed through closed doors, whether of wood or stone, and He ascended from earth to Heaven later. But it was important that His disciples and other believers should see the empty tomb.

Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome came to the sepulchre "very early in the morning the first day of the week," bringing sweet spices to anoint the body of the Lord. One Mary was missing—Mary of Bethany. It was she, apparently alone among all the disciples, whether men or women, who really believed the Lord's repeated statements that He must die and rise again. She had anointed His body with the precious ointment before His death, in evidence of her faith, and she did not go with the other women to the grave, for she knew that her Lord would not be there.

A heavenly messenger greeted the women as they entered the sepulchre ; and they were startled and afraid. "Be not affrighted," he said. "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified : He is risen ; He is not here : behold the place where they laid Him."

John's Gospel calls special attention to the grave clothes of the Lord in the sepulchre as a conviction proof of His resurrection. They laid there in a form or shape in which no human hands could have arranged them, but, like a collapsed chrysalis, in exactly the folds they had had when they enwrapped the body of the Lord ; His risen and glorified body passing through the grave clothes, left them intact. When Peter and John saw this they believed in the resurrection (John 20:3:8).

The heavenly messenger gave the women a further message. "Go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee ; there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you."

"And Peter." Not only were they to tell the disciples, but that disciple who had denied His Lord three times, with oaths, was specially named as one who was now to meet the risen Lord and have his fellowship restored through that infinite love and forgiveness that "never falleth.' How Peter's heart must have leaped with joy and thanksgiving as the message was brought to him by name.

The strange fact is that, as the women told the disciples, and as one and another of the disciples to whom the Lord appeared told the rest, they would not believe. "Their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not." The human heart, even in Christians, is desperately reluctant to believe the Word of God and the amazing grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. But God is faithful, in spite of our faithlessness, and the disciples and many others finally came to believe. The resurrection of their Lord and Saviour transformed their lives, and gladly they obeyed His Great Commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD
Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

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NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture)

An Empire preference of four shillings and sixpence (over a dollar) per cwt. of 112 pounds is given by Britain on all apples and pears exported from Canada, on the understanding that Canadian growers make every effort to increase production.

A catch-crop is a crop which is grown to take the place of a regular crop in the rotation which has been killed by unfavorable climatic conditions, or a catch-crop may be one which is grown along with or between the seasons of regular crops. Most frequently the catch-crop is grown to take the place of some crop which has been winter-killed, such as cloved or winter grains.

Trouble Shooting in the Binder Knotter

A pamphlet, setting forth a simple and practical system of locating and correcting some of the common tying troubles that occur in the knotters of grain and corn binders, has been issued by the Department of Extension, O.A.C.

The system of trouble shooting set forth in this circular is based on the appearance and location of the "trouble bands" as their characteristics provide the simplest means of identifying the various knotter troubles. Each trouble is illustrated by a drawing of the defective band, and is clearly dealt with under the headings Description, Causes and Remedies.

The Circular (No. 24) is known as "Trouble Shooting in the Binder Knotter," and may be obtained free of charge, by applying to the Department of Extension, at the College.

It is of interest to note that the system will be fully demonstrated each day during Farm and Home Week (June 19 to 23) at the College.

New Dairy Rules

New regulations covering the milk, cream and cheese industries in Ontario have been issued by Hon. Thomas L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture, under the Dairy Products Act, 1930. Many of the old regulations stand and are co-ordinated with the new ones therefore samples are tested."

Under "Composite Testing of Milk," a new clause reads : "At all plants except where a Government official does the testing, the composite samples of milk shall be tested within five days after the last sample for the testing period is taken, and kept for ten days following the day on which the composite samples are tested."

A change in rules of sampling and testing cream says that each patron's cream shall be sampled and tested for butter fat within thirty-six hours after delivery at the plant.

An important change in premiums for different grades of cream reads : "When a premium of more than two cents is paid, the cream for which such a premium is paid shall test not more than two-tenths per cent. acid.' Previously three cents was the fixed premium in this clause.

Many rules covering the border areas between Provinces are enacted and much arranged through reciprocity between the Governments.

Electrical Refrigeration For the Dairy Farm

The adoption of mechanical refrigeration on the dairy farms of Ontario will be greatly stimulated through the recent reductions in the cost or equipment and as the result of research being carried on to determine the best type of machine for the average farm.

Several makes of electrically operated milk coolers are being given rigid practical tests at the O. A. C. with the co-operation of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. When completed, the data resulting from the tests will form a basis from which recommendations will be made in bulleting form, that will aid the farmer in selecting a until suited to his needs.

The investigations so far carried out indicate that an efficient cooler should reduce the temperature of an eight gallon can of milk from 95 degrees to 50 degrees or less, in an hour. The cost of this operation is estimated at two cents, which is about half of the normal cost of doing the same work with ice.

The operation of these tests may be seen in the Physics Building at the College during the Farm and Home Week, June 19th to 23rd, together with a demonstration of how to construct a well insulated milk cooling tank, adaptable for either ice or mechanical refrigeration.

Confidence in Poultry Deal Felt By Ontario Producers

"Poultrymen generally would appear to be confident so far as the 1933 egg and poultry deal is concerned," said T. A. Benson of the Dominion Government, who is Senior Poultry Promotor in Ontario. "There have evidently been more chicks hatched and sold by our hatcherymen this season than last. It might be thought by some that, while this condition may indicate confidence, it may be disposed of by a heavy crop of eggs and poultry later in the season, resulting in low prices.

"It should be pointed out however, that stocks of poultry meats in storage as per figures published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show a decrease of 56.07 per cent. as at May 1st, as compared with the same date last year, and a decrease of 35.83 per cent on May 1st as compared with April 1st this year. Eggs held in storage as at May 1st last show a decrease of 15.08 per cent. as compared with the five year average, although there is some increase in the holdings as at May 1st, 1933 compared with May 1st, 1932.

"There would appear to be some strengthening of commodity prices generally and although this is attributed by some to merely artificial conditions it is one of the first signs we have witnessed of what we believe is a gradual trend towards normal conditions. The general state of mind would appear to have inclined towards optimism as far as economic conditions are concerned for the first time in two years, and, after all, this is the psychology that is needed to help things along. We think we are justified in an attitude of reasonable confidence so far as our Canadian Poultry Industry is concerned, the industry which has more than held its own throughout the depression which we believe is now gradually becoming a matter of history."

Cleanliness Essential in Production of Milk and Cream

The greatest obstacle in the manufacture of uniform, high grade dairy products is the difficulty in securing high quality milk and cream from the producer. Research has shown that processes intended to improve bad flavored or sour cream, are seldom very effective, and in all cases they are problem, therefore, lies in the proper care of the raw materials on the farm.

Experiments at the O. A. C. show that morning cream from a separator that has been flushed and left standing overnight, frequently has a bacterial count fourteen times as high as that obtained when a properly washed and scalded machine is used. Added to this the skimming efficiency of the separator is reduced owing to dirty discs of the machine. The loss due to the low grade obtained from cream produced in this way, frequently amounts to one-quarter of the current value of butterfat, and the revenue is further reduced through the difficulty in marketing a poor product.

During Farm and Home Week at the O. A. C. June 19th to 23rd, the Department of Dairying will put on a display of modern farm dairy equipment, and will give demonstrations in the simple operations necessary to insure the production of high quality milk and cream. The Department will also demonstrate the making of several types of cheese, suitable for home manufacture.

World's Fairs

Only two other actual world's fairs were held in the United States prior to the Louisiana Purchase exposition in 1904. One was the Columbus celebration in Chicago, in 1893, and the Centennial, in Philadelphia, in 1876. Besides these this country has had a number of smaller, special expositions such as the Trans-Mississippi, at Omaha in 1898, the Pan-American at Buffalo in 1901, the Jamestown, 1907 ; Seattle, 1909 ; San Diego, 1912 ; and San Francisco in 1915. World's fairs were held every 10 years in Paris in the latter part of the last century.

Figure "8" on Globes

Doubtless many who look at mapped globes are puzzled at the diagram resembling the figure "8" extending from the Tropic of Cancer down to the Tropic of Capricorn. This figure is known as the "analemma" and is used to determine the place where the sun's rays fall vertically on the earth any time of the year. As the sun never is overhead except in the tropics, the analemma extends only within that belt. The diagram also is used to find the difference between the sun or solar time and local or clock time, termed the "equation of time."

INCREASE IN COW TESTING IN CANADA

Under the cow testing service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, a total of 4,291 herds, including 41,868 cows, was recorded during 1932. This represents an increase of 3,096 herds and 29,726 cows within a period of six years. Also, an increase of 703 pounds of milk and 55.06 pounds of butterfat per cow is recorded, as compared with six years ago.

However, the most impressive feature of the cow testing report of 1932 is the genuine interest and perseverance in the work evidenced by the owners of herds who are now quite convinced as to the usefulness of production records as a basis for tackling their feeding, breeding and management problems. This past year, of the 41,868 cows, 22,382 or 53.45 per cent., were recorded for eight or more months, averaging 5,903 pounds of milk and 237.80 pounds of butterfat, with an average test of 3.99 per cent. Cows averaging 300 lbs. and over of butterfat in the year numbered 4284.

The following are the cow testing results by provinces for eight months or more in the calendar year of 1932 :

Alberta—Cow testing associations, 29 ; herds 422 ; cows 5098, of which 3186 averaged 7275 pounds of milk and 274.28 pounds of fat, with a test of 3.77 per cent. One thousand and eighty-two cows produced, and 92 herds averaged, over 300 pounds of butterfat per cow in the year.

Manitoba—Associations 54 ; herds 707 ; cows 7378, of which 3168 averaged 6032 pounds milk and 227.84 fat, with test 3.77 per cent. Forty herds averaged, and 533 cows produced, over 300 lbs. fat.

New Brunswick—Associations 52 ; herds 338 ; cows 3494, of a total of 5573, averaged 6412 lbs. milk and 236.75 lbs. fat, with 4.21 per cent. test. Sixty-three herds averaged, and 694 cows produced, over 300 lbs. of fat.

Nova Scotia—61 associations ; 947 herds ; 8368 cows, of which 4870 averaged 5939 pounds of milk and 267.35 lbs. butterfat ; with a test of 4.50 per cent. Over 300 lbs. of butterfat were averaged by 35 herds, and produced per cow by 1,266 cows.

P. E. I.—Associations 20 ; herds 265 ; cows 1946, of which 850 averaged 6630 lbs. of milk and 259.80 lbs. butterfat, with a test of 3.91 per cent. Thirty-nine herds averaged, and 302 cows produced, 300 lbs. and over of butterfat in the year.

Quebec—Associations 121 ; herds 1312 ; cows 13,505, of which 6578 cows averaged 5184 lbs. of milk and 194.68 lbs. of butterfat per cow, with a test of 3.75. Twenty-four herds averaged, and 407 cows produced, 300 lbs. and over of butterfat.

SUMMER CARE OF YOUNG CALVES

(Experimental Farm Notes)

Calves must be kept in a thrifty growing condition if they are to develop into well grown animals capable of returning a profit to their owners. Probably at no time are calves more likely to be neglected than during their first summer. Barn work is reduced to a minimum during the busy summer season and too often the calves are given two feeds of milk a day and very little other attention.

At the Fredericton Experimental Station, calves are confined to the stable during the heat of the day and they are allowed to run in a grass paddock during warm nights and cool days. This provides the young calves with exercise and green feed and also protects them from flies. The calves are fed from 8 to 12 pounds of whole milk per day until four weeks of age. They are then fed 7 pounds whole milk and 7 pounds skim-milk. At six weeks of age, the whole milk is discontinued and the calves are fed 14 pounds skim-milk per day until five months of age, when the skim-milk is gradually discontinued. A fat substitute is added to the skim-milk and a small allowance of dry meal is fed at six weeks of age. The fat substitute is composed of 1 part ground flax seed and 4 parts finely ground oats. This mixture is scalded and allowed to stand for 12 to 24 hours before feeding and is fed at the rate of ¼ to 1 pound daily. The dry meal consists of 2 parts crushed oats, 2 parts bran, 1 part oil meal and 1 per cent. salt, and is fed at the rate of ¼ to 2 pounds daily, the amount depending on the age and condition of the calf. As soon as the calves will eat hay, they are given all they will clean up.

This method of feeding has given good satisfaction. The calves are not fat, but they are thrifty and make splendid growth. The cost of rearing has been found to be considerably less than when more grain is fed.

Size of Balsa Trees

Trees of the balsa genus occur in Puerto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad and elsewhere in the West Indies and in Honduras, British Honduras and Guatemala. They reach a height of from 40 to 90 feet and a diameter of from 1 to 3 feet. They attain their best development in open places in the forest and in abandoned fields along the watercourses, where there is considerable moisture. They grow rapidly. The lightest wood, which is considered the most desirable, is produced by the fastest-growing trees, which are said to attain a diameter of 12 to 18 inches in four or five years.

CARE AND FEEDING OF BROOD SOWS

(Experimental Farm Notes)

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Fredericton, N.B., it has been found that exercise in the sunshine for brood sows both in summer and winter is a great safeguard against lameness and similar troubles, and this is more important with young sows even than it is with mature sows. Exercise during the summer months is an easy problem to solve on any farm. At this Station the brood sows are turned out to pasture immediately after the spring litters have been weaned. This pasture may be natural grass, but clover, oats, peas and vetches or rape is to be preferred. These sows in addition receive one scant feed of a grain mixture daily and of course have access to water. If fall litters are expected, it will be necessary to provide a more substantial grain ration as the farrowing date approaches.

Winter housing and provision for exercise is a more difficult problem. At the Fredericton Experimental Station, where a considerable number of sows are wintered, various winter housing plans have been tested. For the sow in good condition in the fall, it is difficult to improve on the outdoor cabin located in a protected situation and with yard room for exercise. Sows down in flesh are wintered in large pens in the piggery, one end of which is partitioned off for a sleeping den, so called, and an abundance of straw supplied which seldom has to be replenished. The balance of the pen provides room for exercise and feeding.

On the farm where only one, two or three sows are wintered, a warm portable cabin facing the sun and located in a sheltered spot in the barnyard is undoubtedly the best provision that the farmer can make for his brood sows. In suitable weather the sows will spend more or less time foraging in the barnyard. Freedom from any draughts and dampness is the chief requisite in a hog cabin. Banking the cabin with strawy horse manure or straw is an additional precaution that should not be overlooked.

Brood sows in thrifty condition undoubtedly farrow stronger and healthier litters than is the case with overweight fat clumsy sows. Hence, the feeder must guard against this condition and not use, except to a limited extent, or where the sows are in poor condition such feeds as corn and barley. The major part of the ration should be composed of bulkier feeds such as ground oats, bran and shorts ; this to be supplemented by roots preferably sugar beets or mangels. Usually the farmer in the Maritime Provinces, has available a surplus of small and waste potatoes that have no market value. These can be utilized to no better advantage. In severe weather, it is good practice to limit the amount of cold water fed to the sows and increase the grain ration. The condition and thrift of the sows is the best guide for the feeder to follow. At the Fredericton Experimental Station, clover racks have been installed in each pen and clover hay is kept in front of the sows throughout the winter. This is an added source of nutriment having some properties similar to green feed, besides adding bulk to the ration and supplying a certain amount of needed mineral matter.

As the farrowing time approaches, the sow will stand a little more flesh to prepare her for feeding her litter and it is very important at this time that the sow receives a laxative diet ; a larger proportion of bran in the mixture at this time and plenty of roots should produce the required condition.

CROPS FOR ROLLING LAND

Permanent pastures are extensively grown on rolling lands. Canada blue grass, red top, Kentucky blue grass and white clover are useful for this purpose. The first mentioned grass is of particular value where the soil tends to dry out in summer. The common mixture of red clover, alsike and timothy may be sown for hay and the timothy left down for a number of years. Alfalfa is an excellent crop for hillsides and is to be desired over other hay crops where it will grow successfully. In order to receive a good stand of this permanent hay crop, liming may be necessary on some soils.

Oats, rye, wheat, and corn are crops frequently grown with success on rolling lands, but these crops are not as effective in crotolling erosion as hay and pasture crops. If satisfactory crop yields are to be secured, says the bulletin on crop rotations and soil management issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, farm manure must be applied at seasons when it can be ploughed under before any loss of fertility takes place. Fall and winter applications of manure (farm or commercial fertiliser) are not desirable except on level land because of the great loss of fertility which is liable to occur from spring run-off.

Islandmages

Islandmages is a peninsula rather than an island, not far from Larne in Ulster, Ireland, and was anciently the home of the Magees, and on it are curious stone remains of prehistoric times. The Gobbins are both cliffs off the eastern shore, which in recent years have been opened to the public, as before they could only be seen from the sea. Their vast precipices hold the secret of many a legend, and men have been hurled from the top of them. They are penetrated by many caves and rocks that provide homes for large flocks of seabirds.

Only Oil of Earlier Days Dipped From Small Pools

The modern method of drilling for oil and bringing it to the surface by means of pumps after the diminishing of the first gas pressure, is a development of the sinking of the famous Drake well in Pennsylvania in 1859. This operation revolutionized oil production methods, but in spite of the discovery of this method of producing oil from the deep-lying oil sands, Germany, for all her inventive genius, failed to make much use of the method until recent years.

In the early days of civilization, there was little demand for petroleum and that demand was met simply by dipping the oil from the pools collecting at the outcropping of the oil-bearing sands.

Along about the middle of the Eighteenth century, however, the French made the first serious European effort to obtain oil through mining methods. The practice was to drive a short heading into the outcroppings and permit the oil to drain out into shallow pits. This method was used at Pechelbronn, located in Alsace, which was then French territory.

Subsequent to the driving of the Drake well, well drilling was undertaken in Pechelbronn, but after a time well-boring was dropped until the outbreak of the World war. Germany, hard pressed for oil, began working the Alsace oil sands after the capture of that territory from the French in the early days of the war. The production of oil, however, was expensive and yield small due to the fact that the sands had been fairly well depleted during the many years of prior, though inefficient operation.—Washington Star.

Walk From U. S. to Africa

A man can walk from any point in the United States to almost any point of Africa. Starting in New York, he could walk westward across the continent into Canada, thence to Alaska and off its western coast where, at the right time of year, Bering Strait freezes over allowing safe passage into Asia. Once in Asia he could walk south and west into Asia Minor and over the Syrian desert and up to the Suez canal where, crossing on one of its locks, he would be free to wander in Africa wherever he might choose.—Philadelphia Record.

First Watches

The early history of watches is uncertain. Small timepieces for carrying in the pocket were not made until after the invention of the mainspring in clocks. It is supposed that watches were first made at Nuremberg, Germany, about the beginning of the Sixteenth century. They were called "Nuremberg eggs" and were about the shape of an egg.

Sea Cows

The manatee, or sea cow, is a large, lubberly animal that lives in the water and has flippers instead of legs, like the walrus and the whale. It is valuable both for its flesh and its oil and might also be a source of leather. These creatures feed largely on the manatee grass which abounds in the warm streams around the coasts of Florida.

Keys to the City

The custom goes back to the days when towns had walls and gates, and, often, real keys. The presentation of the keys was a token of submission or allegiance which a feudal town paid its king or overlord when he visited it. The present bestowal of keys on distinguished visitors is simply a sentimental survival of the old practice.

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The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

W.N.U. Service

In the Fire Glow Sat Carla, Combing Her Long, Silky Hair With Her Fingers.

He did not cry out or speak, but brushed her thick, wet hair back and pressed his face close to hers, and waited. In her first consciousness Carla's arms crept about his neck. Her lips breathed his name. Words were futile for a little while. Only in silence could they claim each other, a silence of voice, where other sound was moaning and throbbing about them. Both knew what it meant—as the seconds counted themselves off. They had come through the mouth of the gorge, and were caught in a subterranean hole of the earth. Chance. A miracle. God. That they might have each other at last, with the barrier between them torn away. This was Carla's thought, and her arms drew closer about Paul. He belonged to her now, for there was no other world than this—a pit of gloom with death for its walls, an abysmal grave, where love, for a space, would build for them "the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God."

She almost spoke the words. Instead she whispered:

"It was right for me to come, Paul? You are—glad?"

"I know now—that I expected you," said Paul.

CHAPTER IX

After a time they were standing in the blackness.

More distinctly the hollow, rumbling sound about them began to impinge itself upon their ears as Paul supported Carla against his breast. They listened, as if for a voice, his lips pressing against her hair, where they had so long wanted to rest. What they heard was unlike anything else in the world of earth or sea. The roaring and wailing were gone, and in their place was a phantom-like cadence that moved and stirred about them, but which seemed to come mostly from a vast dome over their heads. It was like something trying to escape, throbbing until it seemed to be beating with little clubs at the drums of their ears when it was nearest, then leaving them to listen and hum like a huge tuning fork through the shut-in sea of gloom. There was no break in the sonorous sameness of it. It was eternity of sound without change. In a little while it could drive a living thing mad.

"I am not afraid," Carla said. "Are you?"

Her voice was no different than if the sun had been shining, and there was something in it for him which had never been there before. A kind of exultation came with it, a gladness which trembled in the darkness, and which sent shame and triumph sweeping over him in a submerging emotion.

"Afraid? Good G—d, no!"

She drew herself out of his arms and stood beside him, with her hand in his. Their voices had broken down a tenseness about them, and life drew closer, more sure. He wanted to see her, and fumbled in his sodden pocket for his metal box of matches.

"I'm going to strike a light, Carla. I want to look at you!"

A flare of yellow flame made a hole in the blackness. Until it died out their eyes devoured each other. Carla was like an angel. Love, transforming death into a happy incident, was an unreal glory in her eyes at last, clearly revealed for him to see.

He knew that only the positiveness of their fate could make her look at him like this, with Claire living and waiting in another world outside. Claire seemed infinitely removed from him, a century away, a glow of memory—like star dust, yet he thought of her as the match went out. His wife would go on living. He and Carla were about to die. He had seen understanding and sureness in the shining depths of Carla's eyes when the tiny flame had illumined their faces. She had let him know, without words, that earth bonds were stricken from her, because there was no longer an earth for either of them. For a few hours they were to be in a world all their own. Then—their couch of everlasting sleep—together. He felt a spiritual reaction from the oppression of horror and fear which had come upon him. To feel sure that Carla knew, and that she had given herself to him because of her knowledge—that she was not afraid, but was happy in the freedom which an approaching termination of life made possible for them, filled him with an emotion which took from their brief future its stark and ugly grimness and gave to it an almost joyous aspect.

As if she had been a partner in the few seconds of his thoughts, Carla spoke softly, giving him her hand again in the mystical which shut them in.

"I want to hear you say it, Paul! I have dreamed, and even prayed in my wickedness, and have fancied your voice telling me the story. For that I have many times asked God to forgive me. But now it is right and just. I want to hear you say—you love me."

"I do," said Paul. "I know—now—that I have loved you from the beginning of time, before I came to the Mistassini, before I was born in this life—a thousand or a million years. I have worshiped the soul that is you. Sometime, it may have been ages ago, I knew that you belonged to me."

"I have always belonged to you," said Carla. "Yours is the love I thought was hopelessly gone from me when there. But to die with you is my right. Can there be such a thing as doubt for us now?"

"I am sure there cannot," he said.

"You would like to live?"

"Without you, no."

"And there is no chance—no hope of saving ourselves?"

"I can conceive of none. No force could contend with the maelstroms in the throat of the chasm. At the other end all physical matter is ground to pulp as the water comes out through the gorge. We are caught between the two."

He calmly and frankly spoke the truth to her. She made no reply in words, but he could feel her response creeping through her finger tips to him, could feel the tremble and thrill of it in her body. He had not frightened her, but had dispelled from her the beginning of a fear. She did not want to live. The truth seized upon and helped him with a kind of shock. Yet it was a simple thing, one he should have known without intuition or discovery. For Carla was not only a woman, but a soul. Back there, in Claire's world, she would be lost to him—no matter what he might do. In the way other men had solved such problems. Only here, in a beginning and an end all their own, could she belong to him.

Again she was in his heart, listening to his thoughts.

"It is strange, but I want to sing in this darkness," she said. "I did not know that blindness could be so beautiful!"

"Nor I!" he answered.

CHAPTER X

During the night following Paul's accident and Carla's leap, men were active below the gorge. Derwent lost no time in racing back to the Mistassini, and the presence of a hundred men below the chasm before midnight was the result. Every device of engineering science and unlimited resource which might be employed came with them. The big pool at the foot of the gorge was a glare of illumination, and then and there over the river with their powerful torches, stood along its banks and in canoes between them, questing for a shred of something which a few hours before might have been a part of Paul or Carla.

Lucy-Belle, locked into sickness, was taken to her home. But Claire remained. Men who saw her in the weird glow of the lights will never be able to forget the image of her face as it was photographed upon their memories. Her blue eyes were so wide open and staring, so filled with an unwavering sapphire flame that at times Derwent thought of her as a spirit-goddess instead of a woman. Could Paul have seen her he would have known that at last she had conquered her fear and repugnance of the wilderness. She had come with the first men before a trail was cut. Her dress and shoes were torn, her soft skin bruised and bleeding. Where the water crashed and thundered loudest out from between the chasm walls she stood unafraid, until Derwent twice drew her back from the nearness and danger of it. She resented his appeal to leave the search to others, and Derwent made it only once. A white face, watching for its dead—that was what men would remember. Eyes flamingly blue, hungrily searching the black stream as it came from the mountain. A fragile form that seemed tireless, as steel. A woman, and yet more than woman—an unforgettable spirit, a vision that was like tragic music, always to be remembered.

She did not give up with the first hours of evening, but continued to watch through the night. She did not move from the foot of the gorge and the pool, as if she were sure that whatever came to her would be found there. Derwent was frequently with her, and tried to talk, but her lips framed few words. Not until day came again did something give way in her, and hopelessness take its place. Then he took her home to Lucy-Belle.

"I waited too long," she said to him, and afterward, back with the searching men, he wondered what she had meant.

These searchers, could they have looked through the rock, would have seen a fire. It was the second night for Paul and Carla in a place where night and day were the same. Paul had found drifts of wood along the edge of the sand, mixed with pitchy pine, and a little spot in their world was illumined by light.

In the fire glow sat Carla, combing her long, silky hair with her fingers. Paul watched her as she smoothed and braided the tresses, employing as great care as though she were in her bedroom at home. This was the third time she had given it such attention in their thirty-six hours of entombment. At other times he had held a light for her at the edge of the water while she bathed her face and hands, and once she had said to him: "It is wonderful water, almost as soft as that which comes with rain." She spoke as if they might have been camping on one of the streams they loved, with the sky above and flowers about them. It was her utter acceptance of their fate as a thing of happiness which transformed what would have been a hell for him into a heaven. She had sat in the soft sand at his feet, a few moments before, with her head pillowed against his knees, and then she had unbraided her hair for him to caress, as she watched and pointed out for him the unusual and beautiful pictures that built themselves in the changing coals and crumbling embers of the fire.

Now she was a little distance from him, and no sense of dread or fear oppressed him as he followed the rhythmic movements of her slim white fingers braiding her hair again.

If it were madness which possessed him it was a beautiful madness, a sense of joyous living where there should have been despair. At first the fighting part of him had instinctively struggled against it, but now he accepted it fully, until, seeing Carla as she was, death seemed vague and far away and the glory of life very near. They had made no effort to hide from themselves the coming of the end, and Carla thought of it as a beautiful thing, a little journey, which they were making gladly together. Never had Paul believed so surely in a God. He had found himself fond of telling her how he loved her hair more than any other physical thing about her, and she had said: "I am glad to spread out all of it so you may put your face in it when we lie down to sleep." This was the way she spoke of what was to come—as sleep. To drift off like this, his arms about her, seemed to Paul the fruition of a great privilege and joy, and not a triumph of fleshly dissolution. He had told her little stories about his mother and of the time they had spent sun-filled hours in the Indian burial place at Brantford, where the proudest of her forest ancestors were buried.

"I could not understand her then, when she told me how gladly she would give her life, were it not for me, to live for a single year the glorious freedom of Molly Brant," said Paul. "But I do—now. In that one year she knew she would find some one thing which would more than make up for all the other years she might live, just as every hour here with you is more to me than ten thousand back there."

As he said these things, and believed and felt them, there was in him a will to live which would not utterly extinguish itself. But it was scarcely more than a spark, a smoldering ember that was bound to die, for his eyes, his brain, and every faculty of reason which he possessed told him there was no hope of finding a way beyond the walls which shut them in. A few minutes before, when Carla had sat at his knees, with his fingers feeling the warmth and sweetness of her hair, this spark had leaped into flame. It still remained as Carla yielded at last to his demand, and gave herself to the bed he had made for her, with his coat for her pillow.

"It seems almost a sin to sleep," she said; and if slumber were near, or even the necessity for it, he could find no shadow of it in her face. She might have risen from her bed an hour ago, so freshly clear and true were her eyes, so deep their lustrous content and happiness when she looked at him. Yet, after a little, her lashes drooped as if to veil the love behind them, and lay in velvet darkness against the whiteness of her cheeks. For a while Paul sat close and watched her, and with each breath the flame in him grew stronger, the demand that something happen, through force of God or man, to break down the walls of death which environed her.

Alone, with Carla's unconscious form lending faith and inspiration to his thought, he fixed his attention, as a dozen times before, on the smoke which rose from the burning wood.

Where did it go?

Hours ago he had asked himself this question, and until he had discovered a thin fog of smoke settling over the water, and drifting away with the rush of it, his blood had run swiftly with a thrill of hope. And now, in spite of the fact that he knew where it went, the question remained, as if a voice inside his head had been trained to ask it, parrot-like, and could not be made to stop.

He and Carla had collected a pile of pitchwood. As they had found each stick they had acclaimed it a treasure discovered, until the thrill of a game had become part of their endeavor. He chose a stick heavily weighted with pitch and lighted the end of it in the fire. Then he walked off into the gloom where he and Carla had gone many times before. It was like following the inside of a great rock drum which was flat on one side—flat where the water thundered and raced through the mountain.

When his torch burned short he returned for another. Carla had not moved in her sleep, and he buried himself in blackness again, following the rock so closely that his body touched it, trying at every step to pierce with his vision a little farther into the stygian pit over his head. It was into this pit that the smoke went, mounting in drifting spirals, like smoke in an Indian tepee. Up there, he thought, it was taken by a slowly dragging current of air made by the suction of the stream, and descended to exit from the mountain with it. There was only one break in the circular wall of gruesomely black and water-worn rock, against which, in ages past, a subterranean flood had washed and roared. This was where a small section of it had given way from overhead and had piled up a mass of broken stone which he had climbed, with Carla watching from below. Here the smoke from his torch did not go upward but settled about his head and disappeared toward the vent in the mountain through which the river rushed with great force. He went to this outlet. It was a hole which his eyes were unable to measure, choked to within a foot of its upper jaw by a seething flood of water, and out of which—though the space for sound was small—came such a sullen rumbling that his blood was chilled as he listened to it. Alone, he would have plunged into this. To die fighting, pitting his small strength against all the forces which might oppose him, was the urge which was refusing to subdue itself within him. He flung out his flaming torch and saw it swallowed in an instant. Like that he would have gone if Carla had not been there to go with him.

He turned back to the fire and put on a fresh stick of resinous wood before he sat in the sand near enough to Carla to touch her with his hand. He wondered if fear had begun to seize upon him as he looked at her unconscious form, foreseeing the torment of impending hours when madness would be for him alone. Unless they died together, he must outlive Carla—to save her from a realization of that which he, in his greater strength, should bear.

CHAPTER XI

Paul knew he must keep moving, or rouse Carla from her sleep. The numbness and desolation of silence were turning him into a coward. Not a coward who was afraid of death, but one who felt increasing horror in passively waiting for it. He went to the debris of rock again. He had no reason for this, no thought, except that it offered him the one chance to do something physical besides fumbling about in ever unstable and shifty sand. The desire for a work to do was an ache in his body as well as his brain, and he began to climb the broken mass, as he had done once before. He had gone about thirty or forty feet above the floor of their dungeon then, but this time he found footholds which carried him a little farther, until, from the point he reached, he could look over the bulge in the rock which had previously concealed their fire, and could clearly see Carla in the glow of it.

He had a desire to call to her, to feel her glorious life a part of their existence again. Sleeping, she seemed gone from him. He swung his torch, making a writing of fire in the black void. Then he shouted Carla's name. Then he recognized the weakness of his act and began to pull himself a little more up the broken wall.

If Carla had awakened and turned her ear toward him, she would have seen a strange and weird thing. The burning piece of pitchwood was a spout of yellow flame, illumining at times the ghostly figure that bore it, and then floating alone in a thing of midnight emptiness as if borne by shades that in color and spirit were a part of the gloom. She might have thought, rousing herself from slumber, that the sounds which were no longer Paul's were bearing it toward the roof of their world. Steadily up into the pit of Acheron it went, and there it disappeared, as if smitten by a mighty breath that extinguished it in a second. For a time utter darkness lay where the light had been. Then the torch reappeared as suddenly as sable night had engulfed it, and in another moment it was plunging down through space. In a few minutes Paul came where it had fallen sputtering in the sand, and picked it up again. More than ever his face was like that of a ghost. His cheek was marked by a bleeding wound. His shirt was in shreds on his breast. His eyes blazed in a way that would have startled Carla.

He went to the edge of the water and bathed his face and hands. Then he returned to the fire and knelt beside Carla. He raised her head gently in his arms, and she did not awaken. He held it against his breast and kissed her hair.

"Carla!" he whispered.

Her lips moved, her lashes trembled, and opened slowly to unveil her eyes.

"You have slept a long time," he said. "At least—it seemed long—all. I took a torch and climbed the pile of rocks again. I went higher than before—so high that I came to a ledge and followed it—and then I came to a great crack in the wall, and there, at the end of it—I saw—light."

"Light!" she breathed.

"Yes, light. From the sun. I have found a way out."

There was silence then. Almost without effort, it seemed to Paul, Carla crept out of his arms. He knew that something was going with her—forever. Her face was whiter than his own. What he had dreaded to see lay in her eyes—a thing fighting back and crushing the glory which had lived in them for a little while. The understanding of what his discovery meant came quickly to her, and he saw a fabric of assembled dreams going to pieces, like the pie of the jumble pictures on a screen. When its hundred disintegrated parts came together again, they formed Claire's face, waiting for him at the end of the trail of light sent to guide them back to an earthly destiny still unfulfilled, and which, for a time, had passed centuries away from them.

Carla rose to her feet and grasped past him into darkness, and so evidently did her eyes dwell on empty space that Paul could only look at her and wait for her to speak.

"A way out," she said, after a little, as though to some one she was seeing beyond their circle of light. "God coming to us like this, taking us back to freedom and—life. And this little world—ours—gone!"

Paul knew the thing he wanted to say would come in a moment, the thing he had made up his mind to say to her when he came down from the rocks. It was a fury of emotion, rolling up slowly through his birthright of stoicism into a storm of speech—a passion of desire breaking loose, bitterness against life as it had been given him to live, a determination to turn it his own way at last.

Before she could move his arms were about her.

"I have lived a hell in this place," he cried. "Not because I was afraid to die, but because in dying I knew I would lose you. Only in life can I have you, and I want life because of that. You say it is God showing us a way out! It is just as true that God gave you to me here. That world up there means nothing to me—except with you in it. I, too, has been a hell for me. Now I'm going to make it a heaven. I won't let man-made law and convention stand in the way of what is right and intended to be. You are mine, and I shall have you and keep you, one way or the other. We'll face the world together, and tell it so—or we'll go out there and never let it know we live. It is for you to say which it shall be!"

Steadily her hands had pressed against him, and with that pressure came such a change in her face that its fierceness of Paul's arms relaxed, and he saw an idol crushed and broken in her eyes. To the level of that ruin he had sunk his own ideal of Carla. He let her move away from him, and stood with a grim, set face before her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I know you are thinking that I am vile and unclean."

"Not that," she spoke quickly. "I would rather think I am the one who is unclean."

That was all she said, and he made no effort to answer her. Words became futile, even impossible, as she looked at him. What he might have said, his pleading, the arguments he had built for himself, and for her, crumbled under the tragedy which had come like a sickness into her white, beautiful face—a tragedy that was filled with appeal, with pain, and for a moment or two with an utter loneliness, as if she had lost something which could never come back to her. He had seen the same look in her eyes the night her mother died. Then it had filled him with a great pity. Now its tenderness, its yearning for a thing gone, shook him to the foundation of his soul. He saw Carla as he had always known she would be when it came to her love for a man. Only a love that had no fear of ugliness upon it would she take to her breast and hold there. The memory of love, its burned-out ash, a love that was crippled and blind but clean, she would cherish with the sacred faithfulness of an altar nun. But not such a love as he had offered her—a theft, though it could be made a legal theft, from another woman. Even as he felt this crushing sense of his loss of her, another emotion, a freeing of his spirit, a rejoicing with his grief, entered into him. Carla, as she stood before him, he could worship through all eternity. The Carla he had asked for, yielding to him, would have descended out of heaven to the level of his own contentment. Clearly as she had seen his passion and felt the crush of his arms, Carla now saw this change in him, and slowly, believing joyously, a miracle wrought itself in her face, and all that Paul had seen broken down built itself up again.

Softness came into her mouth, and she smiled at him.

"Shall we go, Paul?"

He bowed his head, then picked up the coat which had been her pillow and shook the sand from it.

"Yes. The cleft in the rock faces west, and I think the sun was setting when I found it. If we can get out before dark and make a racket, some one may hear us. Carla, I love you!"

He lighted a torch, and they walked across the sand together. At the pile of rocks he took her hand, helping and guiding her, until they came to the beginning of the ledge from where

He had looked down on her sleeping form beside the fire. He told her about it as they paused for a moment's rest.

Carla looked at the fire in the pit of gloom below them. It was dying out. The yellow pool of light was narrowing and growing dimmer.

A sob came in her throat.

"We won't need—ever—to forget," she said.

"No, never."

"Especially—the little fire."

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He Lighted a Torch, and They Walked Across the Sand Together.

"And you—sleeping beside it," added Paul.

They continued upward. The fire was shut out. The ledge widened and turned, so they were going through a tunnel in the rock, where water had once made its way to underground depths. They had gone only a short distance when Paul stopped and smothered his torch in the sand until its flame was extinguished. After that they saw a pale reflection of light ahead of them. When they reached it they could look up through a long, narrow fissure that sloped steeply, with day at the top of it. It was a two or three hundred-yard climb, littered with broken rock, which half choked the ascent in places. A mass close to them had freshly fallen.

"I spoiled my shirt on that," said Paul. "I loosened the first stone down with it. I hope there isn't another place like it farther up."

Paul was breathing deeply from his exertions, and Carla was fighting for breath. He could see where the sharp edges of the stones had bruised the hands which she was holding at her breast. Her skirt was torn, and through a rent in her sleeve the whiteness of her arm revealed itself. Her face was streaked with rock dust, and hollows which he had not noticed clearly before were in her cheeks and under her eyes. Over them was a broader light of day. He could have flung a stone up to the level of the earth, and beyond that was a sky of vivid blue, still touched by the glow of a declining sun. It was this light, descending in a pool upon them, which made him see another Carla. The mellowing illumination of the pitch pine, the velvety softening of shadows, the pale unreality of first daylight had concealed things from him. Now they were revealed, betraying a change which could no longer keep itself behind the mask of her courage. Something in her had died since they left the pitchwood fire. The ash of it was in her face, the ghost of it in her eyes, and she knew that he saw it and tried to smile at him bravely. He wanted to take her in his arms, and his lips almost cried out the desire. Carla saw that, too, and when the thing of iron in him triumphed over both voice and arms, gratitude eased the anguish in her face.

"I'm glad you understand," she said, as if he had spoken, and knew what was in her mind. "We might run away. That would be easier for me. I could hide myself somewhere, and always love you. Nothing can kill those things—memories—and love. I would be satisfied to do that. I would be—almost—happy. But I must do the other thing. I must go to Claire. It will be hard to do that."

Her admission of her love for him was made in a quiet and introspective way, as if his physical self had ceased to be a living part of it. It was this, and her reference to Claire, which strengthened his determination not to weaken her faith in him again.

He moved to the edge of piled-up debris and began to investigate it, cautioning her to stand back a little. The rubble loosened under his feet and slid down. There was quite a little rock slip before he had gone far, sending up a cloud of dust between them. Through this, when it had settled, Carla followed him. She heard him calling to her to go back, but in a moment was standing at his side. Almost above them, so steep was the ascent, the fissure narrowed to half a dozen feet in width and was choked with loose rock and sand. Paul looked at it with somberly appraising eyes and instinctively put himself between it and Carla. Another explosion of dynamite sent a scarcely perceptible tremor through the earth. Slight as it was, a tiny stream of sand and pebbles came trickling down from the suspended avalanche. He caught her hand and took her swiftly back to safety.

"A nearer shot would send that thing down on us," he said. "Wait here until I find out more about it."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"First, climb the edge of the wall and see what is beyond."

He did this and returned to her in a few minutes.

"Trump how little things put themselves in our way!" He tried to speak lightly. "The fissure is clear as a floor beyond that slug of debris, which is ready to topple. We could be out in five minutes if it were not for that. As it is, I've got to take a chance."

"And—the chance?"

"We must get over the loose stuff. Either that or go back—to the little fire."

"We must go on," she said.

(To be Continued)

Foster, Song Writer, Born at Lawrenceville, Pa.

Stephen C. Foster, beloved American song writer, was born in 1826 at Lawrenceville, near Pittsburgh, Pa., and received instruction in vocal and instrumental music at an early age. Most of his southern ballads were inspired by trips to Bardstown, Ky., and visits to Cincinnati, where he gained knowledge of negroes. It was a visit to Bardstown that inspired "My Old Kentucky Home." Several of his songs were composed before he was twenty years of age. His "Old Folks at Home" was published in 1850. About the church in his old home town, which he wrote both words and music, were pathetic negro melodies, which he did much to develop. After 1860 he lived in New York. He died June 13, 1864, at the Bellevue hospital at the age of thirty-eight. He was practically penniless at the time of his death. He was married and had one daughter, Mrs. Marian Foster Welch, and one brother, Morrison. Among his most famous songs are "Old Black Joe," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Suwanee River" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

$50,000 Worth of Forgotten Jewelry in Firm's Vaults

Forgotten or forsaken by its owners, unclaimed jewelry worth $50,000 lies in the vaults of one of New York's biggest jewelry firms.

Sunbursts, flower lockets and closed-case watches, reminiscent of the days of Mercy Dodge Potter, neck-sweaters, together with hundreds of smart modern pieces, all kept in perfect condition by constant care, await the call of their owners.

Some pieces have been there as long as 40 years. One watch bears on its neat repair tag the date "January 8, 1888."

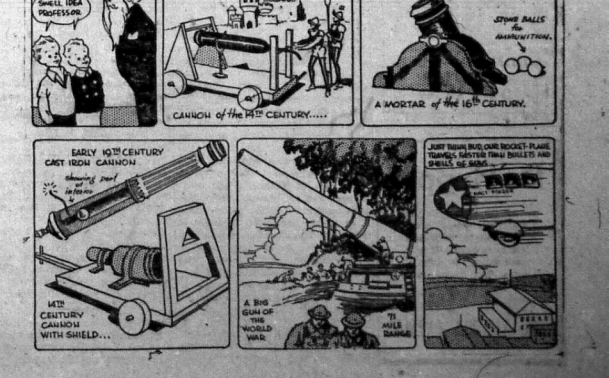
Several years ago a woman called at the store for an heirloom that had been her mother's, left there 20 years before for cleaning. The woman who left it had departed suddenly for Oklahoma, where she married and, to all fatents and purposes, "forgot about her mother's watch."

Her husband struck oil, became wealthy, and on a pleasure trip to New York she remembered the watch, identified it, and was pleased to find it adjusted and in good running order.—New York Sun.

BUD 'n' BUB

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

By ED KRESSY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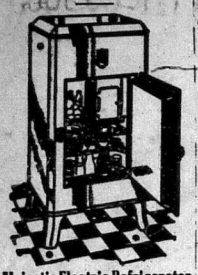

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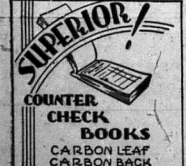

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THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Officials Visit Flinton.

Police Magistrate Graham and County Crown Attorney K. S. Ham motored to Flinton on Friday where police court was held. Two cases were tried with convictions in each case.

Dance at Erinsville.

The Addington Liberal Association are holding a special Dance at Palmoo Pavillion, Erinsville, on Wednesday evening, June 14th. Good orchestra. Everybody welcome. Tickets 25 cents. 28-b

Visiting in the Community.

Messrs. Sidney Davis, Roy Davis and Bob. Rook of Melita, Man., arrived in Napanee the past week and are visiting relatives and friends. They are residents of this county, and Mr. Sid Davis, who is the postmaster at Melita, has been in the west for over forty years.

More Coal for Napanee.

On Friday morning a large cargo of soft coal reached the local harbor for the Wilson coal yard. During the past two summers a huge amount of soft coal has been brought to Napanee by boat, and much of this is distributed to the Acme Dairy and the Findlay paper mills at Strathcona.

Picnic.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the Mission Band of Trinity United Church held a delightful picnic at the driving Park, which was well attended. The children were in charge of Mrs. W. R. Gray and Mrs. Blake Gilbert, and all enjoyed the sports program which had been provided. Delicious refreshments were served at the conclusion of the sports.

Springside Park.

Mr. Chas. M. VanAlstyne and son Jack, have been engaged to look after Springside Park for the summer months. Heretofore this work has been done by Mr. Roy Moore, but owing to an illness which has kept him in the house for several weeks, he has found it impossible to resume his duties. This popular tourist park looks very pretty just now. The park is quite a drawing card for picnic parties as well as for the tourists.

Turkeys Like Elbow Room.

Domestic turkeys partake largely of the habits of their wild ancestors, and if they are given as much opportunity as possible to gratify their wild instincts, such as ranging over unlimited areas in search of food and roosting in whatever sheltered trees or nook they may select, there will be a minimum mortality. Kept under these conditions, it will be found that the poults will be very little more difficult to rear than chickens.—Dominion Poultry Husbandman.

Important Gathering.

Several members from Union Lodge No. 9, A.F. & A.M., intend motoring to Belleville on Wednesday night when Hydro night will be observed by the officers and members of Eureka Lodge, No. 283. It is expected that the event will be largely attended as leading officials in the Hydro-Electric Power Commission have signified their intention of being present. On Friday night the concluding meeting of Union Lodge for the summer was held, and after the lodge session the members enjoyed light refreshments. The lodge re-opens again at the regular communication in September.

Band Concert.

Hot weather prevailed for the weekly band concert which was held at the Harvey Warner Park Friday night, and there was a large attendance, while hundreds of juveniles were at the park enjoying the time of their lives. Bandmaster MacGregor and his bandsmen presented a splendid programme, opening with a rousing march, "Remembrance of Colonel Miner." Bandsman Fred W. Knapp then contributed the song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The first half of the programme consisted of marches, overtures and waltzes. The second half of the programme opened with the march, "Electorate," following which Bandsman Bob Norris contributed the baritone selection, "My Execution." With the playing of a waltz, a march and a serenade, the programme concluded with the hymn, "Abide With Me," after which the National Anthem was played.

Funeral of the Late Judge J. H. Madden.

Rev. A. J. Wilson of St. Andrews United Church conducted the funeral of the late Judge J. H. Madden which was held at his late residence, East street, Wednesday afternoon. Jurists, members of the legal profession in Napanee, members of the Town Council, and representative citizens attended the service. Among those from out of town were Judge Lavell and Magistrate Farrell, of Kingston; Judge G. E. Deroche, of Belleville; W. H. Herrington, of Kingston; and J. L. Haycock and son, Adolphustown. The chief mourners were the widow, Judge J. R. Madden, and Mrs. Schuster, of Belleville. The other son, Morris, who is on the Str. Acadia, was unable to reach Napanee for the service. The casket was banked with beautiful floral tributes. Jack Caldwell sang the selection, "My Days Are in His Hands." Interment took place in Riverside cemetery. The pall bearers were J. B. Allison, W. T. MacKenzie, Harry Williams, Fred L. Hooper, Dr. J. B. Willoughby and K. S. Ham.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

10.00 a.m.—Fellowship service.
10.30 a.m.—Morning worship and Communion service.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Evening Worship.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

SPECIAL !

Special discount on Ballance Lawn Mower to clear. Good buy. At
BOYLE & SON.

Suffered Bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lucas suffered a bereavement on Thursday night, in the death of their little son "Bobby," the funeral taking place on Friday with interment in Camden East. The little chap ,who was eighteen months old, has been in poor health for some time.

Gibbards Lost.

On Saturday afternoon, the Gibbard Athletics "A" team motored to Sydenham where they played an exhibition game, losing to the home team by the score of 9-5. Bentley was on the mound for Gibbards and pitched seven and one half innings, and Pointer part of an innings.

Searching the Ruins of Wicked Sodom and Gomarrah.

An article revealing evidence that has been found of evil practices which exasperated the Lord to destroy the sinful Cities of the Plain by "brimstone and fire." Read this illustrated article in The American Weekly with next Sunday's Detroit Times.

Leaving For England.

G. H. Barham, station agent at Roblin, with Mrs. Barham and young son, leave in the course of a few days for the formers old home in Kent County, England, and will be gone about three weeks. Mr. Barham came to Canada in 1905 and this will be his first visit home. He will visit his father, who is the organizer for the Independent Order of Foresters in that portion of England.

Trenton Courier-Advocate is Sold to H. M. Moore.

Management of the Trenton Courier-Advocate has passed into the hands of Harry M. Moore, for the past year publisher of the Arnprior Chronicle, it was announced today. The transfer will take effect July 1. Mr. Moore is a well-known newspaperman, having been in charge of papers in several towns through Western Ontario. At one time he operated the newspaper in Sault Ste. Marie and for thirteen years was editor of the Deseronto Post. The Courier Advocate, established in 1866, is a Liberal newspaper and has been conducted for the last twelve years by G. V. Mounteer. The Arnprior Chronics was result last week to its former publisher, W. H. McFarlane.

Death of Luther Hawley.

Mr. Cartwright Hawley, Bridge St., received the startling news on Sunday morning that his brother, Mr. Luther Hawley had passed away quite unexpectedly at his home at Hay Bay. As far as can be learned, Mr. Hawley had not been in ill health. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Hawley, the deceased was a native of Adolphustown, where he spent his early years. His vocation was farming and for some time he resided at Harlowe. For the past twenty years he had been a resident of North Fredericksburgh, where he was well known and held in the highest of esteem by his wide circle of friends. He was a member of the United Church and a conservative in politics. His wife passed away about twelve years ago. He leaves to mourn his loss, one son George with whom he resided, and one daughter, Mrs. John James, of Camden East, also two brothers, Cartwright Hawley of Napanee, and Earl Hawley, who resides in Manitoba.

Attended Convention.

The Liberal-Conservative party of Lennox County was well represented at the convention which took place in Picton on Saturday. Over 150 delegates were present at the Parish Hall, when the meeting was opened by the President, Chas. W. Hambly, M.L.A. for Prontenac-Lennox. The redistribution which was recently passed by the Ontario Legislature, has placed Prince Edward and Lennox as the new provincial riding and the meeting was called primarily for organization purposes. The following officers were elected ;

President—Chas. W. Hambly, M.L.A., Napanee.

1st Vice-Pres.—H. D. Cleminson, Wellington.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Jos. Yeomans, Napanee.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. E. Ross Bush, Consecon.

Sec'y-Treas.—Dr. G. W. Morden, Napanee.

Heretofore there has been an organization in this county as well as in Prince Edward County, where Horace Collyer is the Provincial member.

Car Glass !

Windshields and door glass cut to any size. Portland Cement—Fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH

Rev. Canon E. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services for Sunday, June 18th.

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
10 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.
7 p.m.—Evensong and Sermon.

Auction Sale.

Of high class standard bred saddle and show horses, racing and show equipment at Napanee Driving Park, on Thursday, June 15th, 1933, at one o'clock. In case of rain the sale will be held in the Arena.

F. D. MARSH, Owner.

Presentation.

On Friday night the members of the Sunday school class of which Mrs. Woodger is the teacher, held a basket picnic at Springside Park, which was largely attended. During the course of the evening a very interesting event took place when the class presented their teacher with a beautiful ring.

Band Concert.

The Citizens Band will give the following program on Friday evening, June 16th, in the Harvey Warner Park.

March—"Higham March."
Fox Trot—Anchores Aweigh.
Overture—"The Happy Greeting."
Cornet Solo—"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and "I Love You Truly" Mr. G. W. Macgregor.
March—The Globe Dwellers .
Serenade—"Love's Response."

Intermission

March—Spirit of Good Fellowship.
Bass Solo—My Tuba Solo—Mr. Harry Garrett.
Sacred March—Onward Christian Soldiers, and Adeste Fidelis.

GOD SAVE THE KING

LADIES' GOLF

The Ladies Golf Club of the Belleville City Club played a friendly game with the ladies of the Napanee Golf and County Club, on Monday, with results as follows :

Belleville.		Napanee.	
Mrs. Hennessey.	3	Mrs. C. Wilson	0
Mrs. Allen	2	Miss D. Miller	1
Mrs. Patterson.	2	Mrs. W. Wilson	0
Mrs. Ketcheson	3	Mrs. Spencer	3
Mrs. Scott	3	Mrs. Jamieson	3
Mrs. Train	0	Mrs. Galbraith	0
Mrs. Cather	3	Mrs. Hall	0
Mrs. Orr	2½	Mrs. Shindel	½
Mrs. Foxart	3	Mrs. L. Douglas	0
Mrs. Smith	2	Mrs. Mackenzie.	1
	23½		8½

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

On June 9th, 1869, John Gibson, son of Mr and Mrs. Robert Gibson, of the Township of Tyendinaga, was united in marriage to Mary Jane Tripp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Tripp, also of Tyendinaga, and on Friday they quietly observed their 64th wedding anniversary at their home in South Napanee.

The wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Gibson's parents, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. Mr. Anderson, Anglican minister, who resided in Deseronto. James Tripp, a brother of Mrs. Gibson, who resides at Shannonville, is the only one living who attended the wedding 64 years ago.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Gibson resided for four years at Reid and four years in the 6th concession of Tyendinaga. The best part of their married life has been spent in Lonsdale, where Mr. Gibson was a well-known farmer. Giving up the active duties of the farm, they came to Napanee nineteen years ago, and during those years have won many warm friends. They formerly attended the Presbyterian Church, and are members of St. Andrew's United Church. Mr. Gibson has always been a very prominent conservative.

Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of whom six are living : James Gibson, Gananoque ; Wellington and John Gibson, Napanee; Frank Gibson, Wellington, Mrs. A. O. Sine, of Belleville, and Mrs. Will Anderson, Napanee. The day following the wedding anniversary, Mr. Gibson observed his 90th birthday, and Mrs. Gibson is in her 87th year. Both are enjoying splendid health. Their many friends wish for them continued good health.

SILLSVILLE

The dry weather is affecting crops and many are wishing for rain.

The warm weather of last week was made a little easier here because of the breezes coming from Hay Bay.

The Consecon-Sillsville Y.P.S. met for a weiner roast along the shore of Lake Ontario, near the "Upper Gap" at the home of Maurice Young. The moonlight and a beautiful bonfire supercseded the Hydro, whilst the young people partook of their refreshments. They all enjoyed the meeting very much.

Mrs. Wilkie Sharpe of Munson, Alta., arrived in Napanee on Saturday last. She will spend about a month visiting relatives near here.

Canadian weasles are a valuable aid in the control of certain agricultural pests, such as gophers and rabbits. As a class they are very useful mammals.-Dominion Entomological Branch.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

REV. HARRY PAWSON, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Morning Worship.
Subject : "Sixty Years of Missionary Work in Japan."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.
7 o'clock—Evening service.

ODESSA

It is understood that the tender has been awarded for the building of the new hall, the successful party residing in Elginburg. Several tenders were received by the Township Council, and it is thought that building operations will commence in the very near future. The building is to be erected on the former site.

Reeve Frank Smith was in Napanee on Wednesday attending a meeting of the special roads committee.

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth Webster of Oshawa, will be pleased to hear that she graduated from St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Tuesday last. Miss Webster was awarded the scholarship for one year's post graduate work in public health nursing which was given by the Women's Auxiliary of St. Michael's Hospital. Miss Webster was a resident of Odessa about ten years ago.

Several from Odessa attended the annual convention of the O. R. E. C. for Ernestown township, which was held at the Beulah Church, on Thursday afternoon and evening.

At the convention which was held at Sandhill United Church, Bay District on Tuesday afternoon and evening, Rev. Dr. Fletcher of Odessa conducted the Round Table conference in the afternoon and also gave a very practical address at the evening session. Dr. Fletcher also conducted the Round Table conference at Beulah on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hamm are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Hubble of Plainfield.

Mrs. Wales, of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. John Mancur.

Mrs. Bedford, of Fenelon Falls, is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guier of Bethlehem, Pa., Miss Vera Kenny, Reg'N., New York City, and Dr. Zellner, of Allentown, Pa., spent the week-end with Miss Kenny's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kenny.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. W. C. Jenkins, accompanied by their guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watts and little daughter Nancy of Rochester, left on Wednesday to spend a few days in Montreal and Quebec.

Miss Norinne Gleason of Detroit, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Swift and Mr. Swift.

Charles Timmerman is spending two weeks in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Waite and Mrs. Wilson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Snider, enroute from Williamsburg to their home in Shelbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watts and little daughter Nancy, are the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mr. Smith.

BATH

The citizens of the village will be pleased to learn of the reduction of the tax rate for this year which was made at the meeting of the village council on Monday night last. The reeve, Gordon L. Hawley, presided, and the other members of the council were present. It was decided that the tax rate for this year is 40 mills, a decrease of 2 mills from last year. Other business was transacted, including the passing of a by-law for the levying of the rate. An out of town bakery will receive notice that he must take out a license before he will be able to continue to sell bread in the village.

Ex-Reeve George M. Loyst appeared before the council and asked permission that two trees be cut down in front of the rectory. Court of Revision was also held, and two appeals came up. The one appeal was withdrawn and a reduction of $10.00 was made in the assessment of Mrs. William Thurston. Reeve Hawley will attend the June session of the County Council, which will be held in Napanee this week, and promises to be a very busy session.

An exhibition softball game was staged at Link's Mills on Monday night last, when the Bath team, under the managership of Mr Thurston, won a contest which was marked by considerable slugging. The battery for Bath was Allison and Thurston, and the score resulted in 17-13. The game went seven innings and there was a bumper crowd on hand. The locals gave a good account of themselves and put up a splendid brand of ball, as did the visitors. A goodly number of fans accompanied the team.

The Ladies Aid Society of the United Church met at the home of the president, Mrs. Chas. Rose. The hostess served refreshments at the close.

Rev. W. S .Smart and Mrs. Smart, accompanied by Mrs. J. C. Creighton, attended the Aid meeting which was held at Hawley last week.

C. F. Nicholson was elected recording steward and J. N .Osborne was re-re-ejected treasurer at the meeting of the official board of the United Church which was held the past week. On Sunday the quarterly communion service took place with the minister in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Sheppard attended the funeral of the late Judge J. H .Madden, which was held at his late home in Napanee on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Brown, of Newark, N.J., who has been spending his summers in Bath, has arrived in the village for the holiday season. He was accompanied by his sons, who have since returned home.

Mrs. Harry Mott and Mrs. James Hogle were callers in Kingston on Wednesday.

Mrs. Walter Jackson and family, of Kingston, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Venton and daughter, of Sharpton, were the recent guests of their son, Percy Venton and Mrs. Venton.

"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come
ye to the water, and he that hath no
money, come ye, buy and eat ; yea,
come, buy wine and milk without
money and without price. Wherefore
do ye spend money for that which is
not bread, and your labor for that
which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which
is good and let your soul delight itself
in fatness. Incline your ear, and come
unto me ; hear, and your soul shall
live," Isa. 55 : 1-3.

And so it was through all her life,
Just as it was that day ;
She was the handmaid of the Lord
Though hard and rough the way.
And thus through willingness to do,
Whate'er the Lord should ask,
No matter what the cost to her,
No matter what the task,
Received that blessing sweeter than
the world has found no other ;
She was the handmaid of the Lord—
and Jesus called her "Mother."

A BIBLE LOVER.

Wonderland!
Napanee's Favorite Place of Amusement

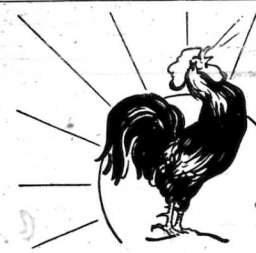
OUR SCREEN SPEAKS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
BIG DOUBLE SHOW, 2 Features, a Comedy and News Reel.
ELISSA LANDI, MARJORIE RAMBEAU, ERNEST TRUEX and DAVID MANNERS, in
"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"
LEO CARELLO, DICKIE MOORE, THELMA TODD and BARBARA WEEKS present
"DECEPTION"

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
LIONEL ATWILL, FAY WRAY, GLENDA FARRELL and FRANK McHUGH present their latest starring picture, the Mystery of the
WAX MUSEUM"
Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

MONDAY and TUESDAY
Special selected feature. STANLEY LUPINO heads the cast in the
"LOVE RACE"
Also a good Comedy, Cartoon, and other reels.

TUESDAY NIGHT is "DINNERWARE NIGHT."



Good morning!

How about a breakfast surprise tomorrow? Kellogg's Corn Flakes and sliced bananas!

Kellogg's are extra refreshing. Rich in energy, easy to digest — and just packed with flavor! Serve for the children's supper too. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's for flavor

"Never mind—we'll soon fix that"

Mrs. Hendry was in great distress. She had broken her spectacles and the prescription was at the optician's in the city.

"That means I can't go to the social tomorrow night," she said. "Whatever will I do?"

"Don't worry," Tom Hendry consoled her. "I'll just 'phone the optician right now and he can have a new pair here in tomorrow's mail."

In any emergency, great or small, your telephone is ready to help. Long Distance is easy to use, clear, quick and surprisingly inexpensive.

For 30 cents you can telephone about 100 miles by making an "anyone" call (station-to-station) after 8.30 p.m. See list of rates in front of directory.

Long Distance is surprisingly inexpensive

The Links of Memory

By A. W. PEACH

(Copyright.)

"AGNES, you haven't dared to ask John Orr to come here!"

Agnes turned from her desk with a faint smile, tinged with a bit of regret, and looked thoughtfully at the fair, dark-eyed girl who had thrust herself unceremoniously into the room.

"Meda, why do you dislike him so? You used to think enough of him when you were engaged!"

"That is a turned page, my dear, and you know it. He accused me to my face of being disloyal to him—and that I take from no man!" Meda replied, her dark eyes aflame. "What I want to know is—did you invite him to this party? I heard downstairs that he was coming!" She caught her breath. "If he comes, I go!"

Agnes laughed as she sprang up and gave the shoulders of the disturbed girl a friendly shake. "No, honey, he is not coming."

The sound of laughter came up from downstairs. Meda's face changed and softened—the old sweetness broke and not John—but it was better that way—she could not stand him.

The only disturbing figure in the group was Bert Reesser, John's closest friend. Meda was not entirely pleased that at the dinner table she found him at her right. She said as much, and quite frankly.

He leaned far over and whispered: "You hard-hearted heart-breaker, you always picked on me even when you were a pretty little kid—all black eyes. Now I'll get even with you by telling you that poor old John was dying to come—the only one of the old bunch back there in the city!"

"Bert, you needn't—"

"He left something in your care—" His left arm crept around the back of her chair. "He left nothing; I gave him all my presents back—"

"He left something in your care, Meda, and it will always be yours. He has not looked at another girl, and he is climbing in his work. You ought to give that back to him but you can't!"

It dawned upon her—John's love for her—that was what he had left! She shrank back a bit—then memory came! "But I don't want it!"

He looked at her with sudden fire after the manner of his boyhood. "You're pretty as a rose and I almost lost my heart over you, but I can see what I missed, Meda, you—" His cheerful grin returned. "John has your picture still where a man keeps something that only he knows and loves—I saw it by accident—you know, keeps it like a pressed flower in some old book that—"

"Pooh! Cheap sentiment!" she said quickly.

After the dinner they joined in the various amusements that Agnes had planned, and joined with a vim. While playing cards, Meda heard quiet Grace Allen say: "I wish John Orr were here. I always liked to play with him. If you made a bad mistake, you never would think he noticed it. But Bert Reesser—he's the worst. You can fairly see him grind his jaws."

Meda did not hear Bert's answer, although she heard the laughter that followed it, for she was unceremoniously drawn into the next room, where dancing was in order. And there, to her disgust, she had to think of John when she tried to steer clear of her companion's feet. John could dance, anyway.

In her room that night Meda heard Bert's voice calling to Grace, the old whimsicality tinged with a tenderness that made Meda's heart quicken: "Good night—and sweet dreams!"

Suddenly, strangely enough, the thought popped into her mind: "Perhaps I was a bit disloyal to John in being so friendly with Max." She stiffened. "No, I was not," she scolded herself indignantly.

Three of the days went by. Happy days for her, yet everywhere there seemed to be a hint of John. Some one missed him for one reason or another. She knew that all who knew him in the old days learned to love him. And he had her picture still.

The climax came that evening when from another room she heard Bert trying to sing one of John's favorite songs. She felt suddenly very much alone in a mighty big world. And she suddenly realized that in her heart he still lingered, behind its doors, the same high-hearted, high-minded lover who would ask no more of her than he gave himself.

She sought Agnes, who was busy in the library arranging card tables. "Agnes, I want to telephone to John!"

With a cry Agnes caught her in her arms. "Oh, Meda, I'm glad!"

Meda went to the 'phone. Soon Agnes heard her say, hesitatingly, "John—this is Meda—I want you to come—" Meda turned—"why, he's dropped the receiver!"

"You goose, don't you see? He couldn't stop to answer. He's in his car now. I hope he isn't held up for speeding. He'll probably rush in and grab you right in front of everybody. I'll have you meet him alone. And say, dear, I plotted all this in a way. We've all of us been trying to make you keep thinking of John, what a fine fellow he really is. You aren't angry, are you?"

Meda turned dark eyes upon her, eyes that were too full of dreams, denied once, now to come true, to sense at once what Agnes said; then she said quietly: "No, not, my dear! I'm glad you did. You all love him—and so do I!"

All Cats Are Similar

There are more than 40 species of cats, ranging from lions and tigers to a wild spotted variety that is smaller than any house cat, and all are unmistakably alike in habits and structure. One distinguishing characteristic possessed by practically every member of the cat family is the ability to draw back or retract their claws into protecting sheaths. This makes their footsteps noiseless and keeps their weapons sharp.

SOFTBALL

SOFTBALL LEAGUE STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost
Newburgh	5	5	0
Selrites	5	4	1
Frontenacs	5	2	3
Strathcona	5	2	3
Richmond	5	2	3
Grace Church	4	1	3
Gretna	3	0	3

SCORES OF GAMES LAST WEEK

Newburgh, 34; Gretna, 0.
Selrites, 15; Strathcona, 11.
Richmond, 17; Frontenacs, 7.
Selrites, 11; Grace Church, 4.
Richmond, 26; Gretna, 6.
Strathcona, 17; Frontenacs, 13.

GAMES THIS WEEK

Wednesday, June 14—Getna at Frontenacs.

Friday, June 16—Newburgh at Selrites; Grace Church at Richmond; Strathcona at Gretna.

SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

June 19.—
Grace Church at Strathcona.

June 23.—
Richmond at Selrite.
Strathcona at Newburgh.

June 24—
Grace Church at Gretna.
Newburgh at Frontenacs.

June 28.—
Selrites at Frontenacs.
Newburgh at Gretna.
Richmond at Strathcona.

July 3.—
Newburgh at [illegible]

July 5.—
Selrites at Grace Church.
Richmond at Gretna.

July 10.—
Selrites at Newburgh.
Richmond at Grace Church.
Gretna at Strathcona.

ARDEN

A number attended the dance at the Cedar Pavillion, Crow Lake, on Friday evening.

Arden softball team motored to Mountain Grove on Saturday evening to play the first game of the season and was defeated by a score of 26-20.

Miss Margaret Soes, Tamworth High School, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Scee.

Mrs. M. Flower and daughter Winifred, of Kingston, is visiting at Mrs. L. M. Hughes'.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilkes and family and Mrs. Ellen Scott spent Sunday at J. E. Clark's, Bordenwood.

Mrs. Francis Wormworth and family spent Sunday at Mrs. Melvin Scott's.

Mrs. Victoria Scott and Frank Woodcock were quietly married at the bride's home on Tuesday, June 6th, by the Rev. Mr. Deck. The couple left for a short honeymoon to Belleville and south eastern parts.

Mrs. Gordon Steele, Mrs. L. Gallup and Fred and Harold Steele motored in Napanee on Friday, Miss M. Gallup returning with them. She will spend a week with her mother, before returning to her work at Wallace's Drug Store.

Seven Presidents Died in Capital

One-fifth of our former Presidents passed away in Washington, namely, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson. The first occupant —or former occupant, as the case may be—of the highest office in the land to die in the Capital City, says the Washington Star, was President William Henry Harrison, who died on April 4, 1841, just one month to the day following his inauguration. John Quincy Adams, a former President, died in Washington on February 23, 1848, followed two years later—July 9, 1850—by President Zachary Taylor. President Abraham Lincoln died there April 15, 1865, and Woodrow Wilson passed away in Washington February 3, 1924, and William Howard Taft, on March 8, 1930, the last two named being former Presidents.

Punished Twice for Same Offense

A person can be tried and punished twice for the same offense. The United States Constitution says "nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life and limb." It has been held, however, that this means only that the United States cannot punish a person twice for the same offense. The question was decided in 1922, when five citizens of the state of Washington, having been convicted in a state court on a charge of violating a law, were tried in the Federal court for the same offense. The opinion was written by Chief Justice Taft, and sustained the double conviction.

England Publishes Most Books

The most books in the English language are published in England. Last year English publishers brought out 13,983 new books, compared with 9,035 in the United States. In 1931 England published 14,668 new volumes, compared with 10,307 in the United States. It is estimated that, through use of libraries and purchased books, the English people, although numbering only one-third as many as the Americans, read 50,000,000 books a year. Circulating libraries are popular. The figures do not include the English-language books published in Canada, Australia and other parts of the British empire.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA

The closing of the Royal Military College of Canada for the summer and the various events in connection with it, is of interest to Canadians from coast to coast, for it is not a local event, but touches nearly the lives of many people in the Dominion. The first official event was this year as it always is, the parade to service at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, where the cadet's gallery, backed by its huge memorial flag, given by the parents and friends of the graduates and undergraduates of the R.M.C., who gave their lives in the Great War and which bears the College arms and motto, "Truth, Duty, Valor" as well as 1000 maple leaves, 125 of them red, is filled to overflowing with boys in scarlet tunics. They choose the hymns for the day and as usual they sang, "Fight the Good Fight," with such vigor that their silence during the third verse, a tradition that goes back many years, is very noticeable. The Commandant, Brigadier Elkins and the Chief of Staff, General Macnaughton of Ottawa, took the salute after the service as they marched back to Point Frederick, crossing Kingston's historic market square, where a rector of St. George's shouldered a musket when war was declared in 1812. In the afternoon Brigadier and Mrs. W. P. Elkins gave tea in the grounds of the Commandant's House, when their guests were the parents and friends of the Cadets, who had come by motor or by rail for an important event in the life of a son.

On Monday the closing exercises took place and were viewed by interested people by the hundred. Then the [illegible] to their girl friends at any rate, the event of the week, perhaps to the debutantes, of the year. For the June Ball at the Royal Military College is unique. It is not a government function, but is entirely paid for by those who issue the invitations, the Commandant, Staff and Gentlemen Cadets of R.M.C. To the debutantes the big ball is a glorious experience and a delightful frolic to the Cadets, especially to the graduating class it is an opportunity to entertain in honor of the moment, but in reality it is a brilliant Canadian tradition. On the scarlet mess jackets of the staff are decorations won in the Empire's wars, a token of service; a lad from Victoria dances with a girl from Halifax; the vivid tunic of a cadet, whose father, also a graduate of R.M.C., led "The Scarlet Riders of the Plains" in the far places of the North, makes a telling background for the white frock of the "deb" from Ontario or Quebec. Brigadier Elkins and Mrs. Elkins, with Senior Officer Drury, representing the Cadets, received the guests, Mrs. Elkins wearing a lovely frock of white chiffon and carrying a sheaf of red and white roses, the gift of the graduating class. The decorations, all put up by the Cadets, were unusually attractive and the thousand guests, many of whom were the parents of the boys, spent a delightful evening.

• • • •

The biennial meeting of the Federated Womens Institutes held last week at Winnipeg, accepted the invitation of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, for the meeting to be held in 1935. Important changes were made in the constitution, which will later be sent to the branches. The retiring president, Mrs. W. F. Cameron of Regina, was presented with a life membership and a beautiful hooked rug. Most interesting to the public in general was the announcement that the Women's Institutes will collect trees, shrubs and plants for the Canadian Peace Garden on the border of Manitoba and Minnesota. It is hoped that contributions will come from all over Canada and Mrs. George Simmie, of Solagirth, Man., was chosen convener of the committee, so that all contributions will be sent to her. Mr. George Putnam and Miss N. V. Powell represented Ontario's headquarters and Miss Powell told a stirring story of the way the rural women of Ontario are meeting the financial situation in the farm home by returning to the ways of their pioneer ancestresses and using the wool from their sheep to make blankets, curtains and homespuns for clothing, spinning and weaving it at home as their great-grandmothers did.

• • • •

This is the time for picnics, for long days in the summer sunshine, while the world is fresh and green, while daisies star the roadsides, the blue vetch, the buttercups, the wild roses all stretch out welcoming hands to us to come and join them. Picnics bedide the road, while the car gets a rest too, picnics by lakes and rivers, where the fishermen of the party bring in fish that can be cooked at once and elaborate picnics, not nearly such fun as the more simple ones, where everything that should be cold is kept on ice and everything that should be hot is kept in a thermos bottle. Go and picnic and have a good time, but do not leave fires in this dry season, which may destroy thousands of dollars worth of property and perhaps lives; do not leave paper about and do not leave gates open if you borrow a field in which to picnic. You will enjoy yourselves quite as much if you obey these rules and will have a clear conscience to go to sleep on.

• • • •

Our markets are filled with new home grown greens and all sorts of good things to eat. Our own strawberries, that badly need rain, are not in yet, but we hope they will be soon. Let us all make a point of buying the farmers produce. They need the money and we need the fresh vegetables and fruit. Just think, you housekeepers, how much you can do to bring the prosperity which at last is coming our way, into our farm homes, into the pockets of our home town merchants. We women buy eighty per cent of the articles purchased in the home. What a responsibility rests upon our shoulders.

• • • •

This is a good recipe for strawberry shortcake. I cup of sugar, 1 egg, beaten together. Add one cup of milk, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, 1½ cups of flour, a pinch of salt, 2 teaspoons of baking powder. When mixed well, pour in 1½ tablespoons of melted butter and stir well. Bake in a long pan, cut in half and spread strawberries mashed with sugar between the layers. Pile with whipped cream, with strawberries whole either under the cream or over it, one for each square.

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VITAMIN SOUP

Montreal, June 9.—Dining car chefs and sea-faring chefs of the Canadian National organization recommend it: Take all the kitchen "trimmings" such as potato peelings, carrot tops, beet tops, the outer leaves of lettuce and the trimmings from celery, the stems of spinach—everything, in fact, from green vegetables which would commonly go into the garbage. Cover these with cold water and boil gently until they seem done, then strain. Now boil some lentils or dried peas which have been soaking over-night with an onion and a carrot. When nearly done, add the vegetable broth. Now boil 1¼ lbs. of liver and when done put it through the mincer. Return to the broth in which it was cooked, simmer until there is only about half a cup of liquid and mix it with the vegetable soup. Serve with force-meat balls or sliced brown bread and butter.

EMPEY HILL

The Mohawk Ladies will present their Minstrel Show, sponsored by Miss W. Cullough and Mrs. Johnston, at the Lonsdale Hall on Thursday, June 15th, under the auspices of Tyendinaga East Women's Institute.

Mrs. Garbutt welcomed the members of the T.E.W.I. who attended the Get-Together meeting of the Quinte Branch on Tuesday at Mrs. Craig's. The speakers were Miss Jones and Mrs. L. F. Townies. One of the subjects was unity in the community, which was splendid. At the close of the meeting the hostess served a delicious luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther and family, of Strathcona, visited at Mr. Russell Withers on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waddingham spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. Roy McMath, Mrs. E. VanAlstyne, Mrs. M. P. Husband and Mrs. R. Tucker spent Sunday evening at Mr. C. J. Akey's.

Rev. W. H. Foley will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday next.

We extend congratulations to Marjorie Price, pupil of Miss Beatrice Baughan, at having passed her examinations in music with honors.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert. Mowers, Deseronto, spent Sunday at Mr. Jas. Barnes'.

Mr. L. L. Price and sisters, Miss A. Price and Mrs. W. J. McCoe, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price.

The W. M. S. and Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. Fred Kimmerly on Thursday, June 8th, with an attendance of 23.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Breen, of Kingston, spent Sunday at Mr. D. Akey's.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Clark spent Sunday at Mr. J. Haggerty's.

Mrs. J. Haggerty is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Vernon Kimmett, Selby.

(For last week)

Mr. and Mrs. E. Price, and Marjorie, visited at Mr. Melville Pulver's, Rednerville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stapley visited with relatives in Belleville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Pinny and Mr. and Mrs. A. Penny and Kenneth visited at Mr. G. Dickson's, Sillsville, Sunday.

Mrs. N. Haggerty spent a week with her daughter, Mrs. M. Galt, Deseronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ashley and Mrs. and Mrs. A. Pinny attended the funeral of the late Mr. Roy Roe, Holloway, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kimmerly spent Sunday at Mr. Jas. Barnes.

Mrs. E. VanAlstyne, Brockville, is spending a few weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Husband.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Anderson at Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kimmerly spent Thursday at Mrs. H. Stafford's.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Russell and Miss Lou Hudgins spent Sunday at Mr. Bruce Kimmerly's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nealon, Toronto, visited at Wm. Waddingham's. Mrs. Waddingham returned home with them for a week's visit.

CAMDEN EAST

We are needing rain very much in this locality.

The annual convention of the Ontario Religious Education Council for the Township of Camden was held on Wednesday, sessions being held morning and evening. An interesting program was arranged and outstanding speakers were present. Delegates were present from every portion of the township.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tipson are spending a few days with relatives in Kingston.

Mrs. Lyal Milsap, Moscow, is spending a few days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Jeffrey and family.

For some time the work of crushing stone has been under way at Stewart's field and as this work has now been completed for the summer, the crusher, which is owned by the County, left on Tuesday morning for Napanee. Considerable stone was crushed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bashford Close and family, of Croydon, were the recent guests of her father, George Black and Mrs. Black.

Mrs. Harry Edgar, of Sharp's Corners, spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald.

We were all sorry to hear that Mrs. L. D. Williams had received a nasty fall at her home. Fortunately no bones were broken.

Mrs. M Harton and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley of Deseronto, spent Friday the guests of their sister, Mrs. Charles Histed and Mr. Histed.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr entertained a number of their friends on Saturday evening.

Krait, Snake, Kills Many

The krait is said to cause more deaths than any other snake in India, where mortality from snake bites is high. This is largely due to the fact that this snake is frequently encountered in camps and village houses which it has entered in search of rats, lizards and other snakes, and its venom is astonishingly rapid in its effect.

For Outdoor Appetites

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

Unfortunately, indeed, is the boy or girl who does not know the whole-some joys of summer camp; who has not felt the exhilaration that comes from being close to nature and under the "spell of the open sky"; whose nostrils are not familiar with the savory odor of steaks sizzling over an open fire.

Camp days can be some of the happiest days of a child's life. There's a thrill in delving into the wonders of nature. There's stimulation in the health giving freshness of air and warm sunshine. There's relaxation in the long, nerve-soothing silences of the open.

Jaded city appetites are revived after a long tramp through the woods or an invigorating swim. Johnny, who wouldn't drink milk at home, finds it tastes surprisingly good at camp. And Susan who usually turns up her nose at eggs welcomes them with zest when they are served on a bacon triangle hot off a large stove.

Do you know how to fix them that way? Find some flat stones and place them beneath the fire to get hot. When they are heated and out from beneath the fire, lay triangles of bacon on them. Place the three strips of bacon for each triangle close enough together so that when the fat melts, and the egg is broken into it, it will hold together and you can turn it by lifting the bacon. Simple, isn't it?

It's surprising [illegible] meal can be prepared over an open fire without the use of even a single cooking utensil. And it is heaps of fun too. Wouldn't the following menu meat a hearty welcome after a long hike?

KABOBS
BAKED POTATOES
BUTTERED WHOLE WHEAT ROLLS
BAKED BANANAS
CUP OF MILK

Kabobs are the campers' name for broiled steak. To make them, you will need ¼ pound of round steak an a half of an onion for each person. Ask the market to cut the slices of meat into 1½ inch pieces when it is ordered. Cut the meat into stick, and sharpen it at one end. With it, pierce one of the pieces of meat, then a slice of onion, then a slice of meat, and then another piece of onion, and so on, until everything is on the stick. Broil the meat by holding or suspending the stick over the fire. It will probably take about ten minutes to broil over the coals.

The potatoes are baked by wrapping them in wet leaves or wet brown wrapping paper and burying them under the fire. This takes about an hour, depending upon the size of potato. As soon as the potatoes are done, be sure to break them open so that the steam can escape and the potatoes will be flaky and not soggy.

The bananas can be baked the same way as the potatoes, in about 15 minutes. You might want to squeeze a bit of lemon juice over the banana when eaten. Or here's another idea. Take back a section of the banana peel, [illegible] banana and replace by bits of marshmallow to fill the space. Then bind the peeling on again and roast under the fire.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Walters were in Toronto on Thursday and attended the graduation exercises at Toronto University. Their son, Dr. J. Alan Walters was among the graduates.

The many friends of Provincial Officer F. W. Barrett are sorry to learn that he is confined to the house, and will be unable to resume his duties for some time.

Messrs. Wilfred Wilson and Harry Vine were in Toronto last week and attended the Coal Dealers' Convention.

Miss Eleanor McLean, of Wingham, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Black for the past six weeks, returned to Toronto on Monday where she will spend a day before returning to her home.

Mrs. Sidney Dryden, and grandson, Jas. Young, left Friday for Detroit where they spent the week-end with the former's sister.

Mrs. Herman Elliott, of Thomasburg, is holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taverner, River road.

Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., Grand Master of the Grand-Lodge of Canada, in the Province of Ontario, A.F. & A.M., accompanied by J. G. Fennell and G. J. Tustin motored to Lansdowne on Wednesday afternoon and were guests of the Masonic lodge in the evening.

The many friends of Miss Lenore Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Black, Kingston, formerly of Napanee, will regret to learn that she is in the hospital. Miss Black is the organist of Cooks Church as well as a member of the staff of John Laidlaw & Son.

William O'Neil, P.G., of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., and J. A. Birrell, P.D.D.G.M., of Argyll Lodge, are the representatives to Grand Lodge, which opens in Toronto this week.

Mrs. Marshall Hudson left on Sunday night for Toronto, where she will attend the sessions of the Rebekah Assembly of Ontario, as the representative of Queen of Sheba Lodge No. 254.

Mr. Landon, of Whitby, was the guest on Friday of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Joynt.

Little Miss Elizabeth Black, of Kingston, spent the week-end in town with Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright Hawley.

Miss Evelyn Mills, who has been attending the Ontario College of Education, Toronto, has returned home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Asselstine and Helen and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Asselstine and Jean, Marlbank, attended the graduation exercises of the nurses at Kingston General Hospital, when Miss Stella Asselstine was one of the graduates.

Mrs. M. S. Madole, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Thos. Symington, John St.

Mr. Clayton Ungar, a former resident of this community, who has been in Saskatchewan for many years, is spending a month in town with his brother, Mr. E. O. Ungar.

Cecil Sagar, of Deseronto and Jack Black and the Misses Eleanor McLean of Wingham, and Ruth Russell motored to Gananoque on Sunday and enjoyed the boat trip through the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright Hawley were in Kingston on Sunday and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Black.

The many friends of Mrs. Luther Clarke, South Napanee, will regret to learn that she is ill at her home. Her condition was slightly improved on Monday.

Frank Calder, of Montreal, president of the National Hockey League, is expected in town on Wednesday to spend a short time the guest of Jack Adams, manager of the Detroit Red Wings.

Dr. and Mrs. Willoughby attended the June ball at the R.M.C., Kingston, on Monday evening.

Miss Mary Galbraith was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Renton, Kingston, while attending the June ball at the R. M. C.

Misses Margaret Walters, Lillian Walters and Mary Lailey were among the guests at the R. M. C. ball in Kingston on Monday night.

Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., Grand Master of the Province of Ontario, leaves on Thursday to attend the dedication of the Memorial Temple of the United Grand Lodge of England, at London. Mr. J. A. Rowland, K.C., of Toronto, will accompany him.

Mr. and Mrs. David Kingsbury are spending Wednesday in Kingston to attend the wedding of Mr. Donnelly Kingsbury and Miss Ivy Biddolph, of Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Puddy, Mrs. Alfred Puddy, Mr. H. B. Bell, Mr. P. H. Krielman, Mrs. P. H. McKerihen, Mr. and Mrs. Deedman, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bliss, Mrs. H. E. Martin, Miss Dorrie Harbey and Miss Coyette Felton, all of Toronto, who were guests at the Puddy-Boyes wedding, were guests at Hillcrest Manor.

Mrs. Scanlon and son, of Buffalo, N.Y., and Mr. J. A. Francis and Mrs. J. Anderson of Toronto, were guests at Hillcrest Manor last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Crain and Miss Eula Joy were week-end guests of Mrs. William Joy, Dundas St.

Say you saw it in The Express.

HEALTH by Dr. Sanderson

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

CHILDREN FIRST

Nowadays, the problem of securing a well-balanced diet has become a matter of particular concern. When there is only enough money available to buy the food which is needed, every cent must be spent to the best advantage.

Children should come first when consideration is being given to the food budget for the family. The child's needs, as regard food, are greater than are those of the adult. If the child does not receive a well-balanced diet, he will not develop as he should, and he will be handicapped for the remainder of his life.

It is fortunate that we have information which enables us to plan a well-balanced diet at a minimum of expenditure. It is not a question of spending more to secure such a diet, but rather of buying to the best advantage, which means the inclusion of the essentials in proper proportion.

The money that is available for food should be used approximately as follows:—28% for milk; 20% for fruit and vegetables; 22% for bread and other cereals; 15% for meat and cheese; 9% for butter and other fats; 5% for sugars.

The comparatively large amounts set aside for milk may be noticed. This is done because of the nutritive value of milk and its richness in vitamins and minerals. Milk cannot be replaced economically or practically by other foods.

Importance is also given to fruits and vegetables. These foods also are rich in vitamins and minerals. They supply natural laxitive material and maintain the proper chemical reaction of the blood.

Milk, fruit and vegetables are classed as protective foods, because they protect the body against the serious upsets and disabilities which arise out of an unbalanced diet. The adult does not suffer as much as does the child from a lack of protective foods, but even for the adult, the deficiency of these foods over a period of time gives rise to loss of vitality and energy, and finally to a physical breakdown.

For the growth of the child, milk, fruits and vegetables must be included in his diet. They are in no sense luxuries. They are essential to proper growth and healthy development, and to the maintenance of health. By planning expenditures, it is possible to provide these foods on a minimum budget and so safeguard health, which is as valuable today as it ever was. The children of today must be provided with sound bodies for their adult years.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

LEGAL WEDDING

The bride is a lawyer, the groom is a lawyer, the bride's father a lawyer, the groom's father a judge, and the groom's sister (who will be bridesmaid) is a lawyer—even the officiating clergyman studied law before going into the ministry.

At the wedding on June 27th of Miss Elsinore W. Wegenast, who graduated the other day from Osgoode Hall, and is the daughter of Mr. F. W. Wegenast, former Mayor of Brampton, to William E. P. Deroche, lawyer, son of Judge Deroche of Belleville.

Miss Helen C. Deroche, of Belleville, sister of the groom and classmate of the bride at Osgoode Hall, will be bridesmaid and the lawyer clergyman is to be Rev. Robert Allen, of Brampton.

BIRTHS

McCRACKEN—At Selby, on Tuesday, June 12th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred McCracken, a son.

KIMMETT—At Richmond, on Monday, June 12th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Vernie Kimmett, a son.

MARRIAGES

PARKS—BAIRD—At the Rev. Personage, on Saturday, June 10th, 1933, by Rev. J. E. Beckel, Marion Marguerite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baird, of Anderson, to Rockwell, Parks of Anderson.

PUDDY—BOYES—At Trinity United Church, Napanee on Saturday, June 10th, 1933, by Rev. Harry Pawson, Grace Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Boyes, to Beverly Bliss Puddy, of Toronto.

DEATHS

LUND—At North Fredericksburgh, on Sunday, June 11th, 1933, Sarah Ann Lund, aged 88 years, 2 months.

LUCAS—At Napanee, on Thursday, June 8th, 1933, Robert Dennis Lucas, aged 1 year, 7 months.

HAWLEY—At North Fredericksburgh, on Sunday, June 11th, 1933, Clarence Luther Hawley, aged 76 years, 10 months.

DOYLE—At Tyendinaga, on Friday, June 9th, 1933, Bridget Doyle aged 86 years, 12 days.

AWAKENED WOMAN

By ELINORE BARRY

Seventh Installment

The Story so far: Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago, suffered loss of memory. Two years later she woke one morning after a fall from her horse to find herself under the name of Frills, married to Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. From letters in her desk she learned something about her life in the two-year interval, and realized that she had been a heartless, reckless young woman and that she had seriously involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. She decided that at all costs she must end it, and wrote to tell Maitland hard to manage. Her troubles were further complicated when she met a letter referring to a baby—was it hers? Is that the writer, Sonia, whom Frills ought to have with her. Much to the surprise of Jean, in her husband's employ, she asked for a dog and he got her one.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Joyce's heart sank as she examined her guests, wondering who they were. The second speaker was a short blonde girl, whose plumpness gave definite threat of turning her into a fat woman in middle age. Her features were of the curved baby variety, her eyes small and gray, and her mouth lipsticked into a pouting cupid's bow of the most vivid scarlet.

Both girls were dressed in smart sport clothes. The blonde's costume was of the latest cut and mode, but completely wrong for her figure and height.

The other young woman, who looked several years older, was a thin brunette with sharp features, stiffly marcelled hair, large greenish-gray eyes and languid manners.

Both women were smoking cigarettes, and Joyce nervously lighted one to bolster up her own courage. Then she waited for some one else to speak.

"What did you do all your pretty day?" demanded the blonde one, "You weren't in bed, were you?"

"No, I left town," replied Joyce.

"You had it coming to you! It's a wonder we're not viewing the remains today. How did it happen anyhow, Frills?"

"Oh, forget it!" said Joyce, "It's all over now. I hate post-mortems."

"Sure, so do I," agreed the dark one, "guess it gave you a shock though, didn't it, Frills? You don't seem to have much pep today, somehow. That's what Mait noticed about you, said you acted half-dead."

"Did he? Well, that's the way I felt, but it's better than being completely out."

"I'll say," assented the blonde. Suddenly she started violently and let out a terrific scream. . . . "What's the man in there?" she screamed shrilly, for Dickie had come up behind her and pushed his head and shoulders against the curtain that hid which hung over the arm of the chair.

"Where did the cat come from, Frills?"

"He's mine. Sorry he scared you. Come here, Dickie." She jumped up, and sitting back in a chair, took the cat on her lap, facing calmly the battery of disgusted surprise on the two faces.

"Are you coming out in Tess' tea at the club, Frills?" said Ethel.

"Why no . . . No, I'm not going anywhere this week-end. Am busy, try-ing to speak in a careless manner.

"Come on, Ethel," said Clarice, "you'll never get through in less than a hundred and fifty if you don't get out on the course more than once a month, you're poor for lazy female."

Ethel got up resignedly, and yawned. "We'll come over tonight. It sure isn't natural to see you so quiet, gal."

"I know where you can get a cat and a parrot, if you're going in for pets," said Clarice, on her way out.

"Thanks," said Joyce coldly.

She was so thoroughly disgusted and repelled by Ethel and Clarice that she could not bring herself even to attempt a faint imitation of what she supposed was the Frills manner. She accompanied them to the door, and watched them get into the bright green car.

At the opening in the high wall, they turned aside to let another machine enter, and Joyce didn't get quite a decorating leap when she recognized Maitland's handsome face in the gray roadster that was following. She turned and fled upstairs. "I can't face him till I've got at least powdered."

Little Dickie, carefully she heard Maitland enter the house without ringing, and then mingle in a few notes, which she knew must be his way of signaling Frills. She stood irresolute for a few moments, stroking Dickie. It had not occurred to her that he might come upstairs without an invitation. Then, when she was distinctly startled when he calmly walked into the room, looking for her.

She faced him apprehensively, uncomfortably conscious of what had happened on that bed before.

"Hello, sweet! Everything O. K. now? Did you get a good night's sleep? Looks better to see you smoking, Frills. It gave me many feelings when you confused a cigarette yesterday."

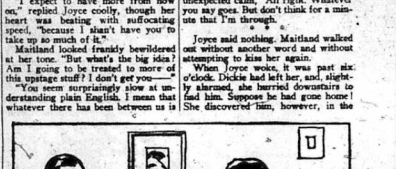
Joyce had taken a cigarette when he came in and lighted it quickly. As he approached her, she retreated a few steps. Before she could reply to his words, however, he became aware of Dickie who jumped up at him with insistent friendliness.

"Well! Hello, old fellow. Where did you come from, boy? Say, you're all right! How come, Frills? You've never had any time for dogs before?" He looked up at her questioningly.

"I expect to have more from now on," replied Joyce coolly, though her heart was beating with suffocating speed, "because I shan't have you to take up so much of it."

Maitland looked frankly bewildered at her tone. "But what's the big idea? Am I going to be treated to more of this spitting stuff I don't get?"

"You seem surprisingly slow at understanding plain English. I mean that whatever there has been between us is



"It's all over, and I want you to let me alone".

all . . . all over now. I'm through." As she spoke Joyce moved toward the door. "Please come downstairs. I prefer not to discuss the matter up here."

Maitland followed her and attempted to put his arm around her, but Joyce stepped hastily aside and ran down the stairs into the living-room.

"Oh, well, all right," he agreed, "but

Who Pays ?

MESSRS. Jones and Messrs. Smith both make shoes shoes exactly similar in quality and style. Messrs. Jones do not advertise. Messrs. Smith do, and sell a very much greater quantity than Messrs. Jones in consequence. **Who pays for Messrs. Smith's advertising ?**

Not Messrs. Smith—because their profit-on the quantity sold—is Messrs. Jones' profit multiplied many times. Not the public—because they get, for $4.00, shoes of a quality for which Messrs. Jones charge $4.50. Not the retailer—because the profit is the same in both cases.

No-one pays for advertising. It is an economy—not a charge. It does for the operation of selling what Messrs. Smith's machinery does for the operation of making shoes—speeds it up, and multiplies its efficiency. It makes possible big-scale production and so reduces costs.

---it pays to advertise!

Issued by The Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

Eskimo Traders Now Use Up-to-Date Schooners

When an Eskimo family which has been trading along the shores of the Arctic ocean for generations sought a name for their new schooner, they chose to honor a pioneer automobile manufacturer. The trading schooner was built in Edmonton. The schooner has an auxiliary engine for use in bucking adverse winds.

According to R. W. Hale, district superintendent of the postal service at Edmonton, the owners of the schooner represent the best class of Eskimos which trade along the western shores of the Arctic ocean, sending their catch of white foxes through the Behring straits to Seattle, Wash., and San Francisco, Calif. Many of them are quite well off. A great part of their food consists of fish dipped in seal oil, to give internal warmth to withstand the intense cold.

Unlike the Indians, these Eskimos copy the white man only in those things which will improve them. They cling to their native dress, including parkas and mukluks, which are so well adapted to the climate that white men, including the air pilots traveling in the country, have adopted it.—Family Herald.

In Direct Line From Shadrach

Incredible feats have been performed by men whose physical condition enabled them to withstand extreme heat. The most astonishing one ever recorded was achieved by a Russian named Chamouni, who was able to stand in a red-hot furnace and hold a leg of mutton until it was well roasted.—Collier's.

Romance Languages

The Romance languages or dialects of the Middle ages were the common language of the people and were mixtures of Latin with the language of the Franks and other races. From these dialects arose modern Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Provencal, etc.

Revere Church Bell for $1,300

A rare church bell cast by Paul Revere brought $1,300 at an auction in Boston, where a number of other early American relics were sold. The church bell is 37 inches high and 45 inches in diameter and was removed from a church in West Newbury, Mass., after the church had been destroyed by fire about 25 years ago. Cast in relief around the upper part of the bell are the words "Revere Boston 1823."

Problem of Circumference

If a steel tape were drawn around the earth at the equator and made a tight fit, then it was cut and 25 feet of tape added to it, it would be theoretically possible to stretch it so that it would be four feet away from the earth all the way around. This is equivalent to saying that an increase of circumference of the earth by 25 feet means an increase of the radius about four feet.

Printers to the Community

:-:

Letter Heads
Envelopes
Loose Leaf Sheets

:-:

Counter Check Books
Statements
Bill Heads

:-:

Sale Bills
Tags
Labels

:-:

Everything Required in the Printing Line

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE
NAPANEE

Alice's Novel Paper Clips

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

IT WAS not until Alice reached her office and put down her many packages that she knew she had either lost or left in the bus or train the most important of the lot.

She had sat up, straining her eyes with the fine print of the telephone directory, until after midnight, addressing envelopes to be sent out with samples of her paper clips, and she had stupidly proceeded to lose 500 of them.

Alice felt like indulging in a grand, devastating cry, but realized with her sound, common sense that she dare not acquire a red nose and tear-dimmed eyes at the very commencement of her business day.

Had that common sense told her that there was just a faint chance that some honest person might open the package, see the address on the envelopes and return them to her, Alice might have felt a bit more cheery as she opened her morning mail.

But from the depths of her gloom she failed to see that glimmer of hope.

Some few, nice orders among her letters and the work attendant upon getting them packed up, invoiced and dispatched left her little time to fret about her loss and it was just near the noon hour when a young man entered her office.

She had her hat on preparatory to locking the office and going out for her noon breath of fresh air as well as a large cup of coffee and some chocolate cake.

The young man needed no introduction, for Alice espied in his hand the neatly done up packet that was her 500 addressed envelopes.

She smiled such a charming smile that young Woodward almost lost his breath and forgot to mention his reason for being there.

However, being an outside salesman and more than accustomed to various types of receptions in offices he visited, he managed to smile joyfully in return and say briskly:

"I found these envelopes in the Fifth Avenue bus this morning and being curious, opened up the package. I found the name of A. Caton, Incorporated, and this print of the clip which I suppose your office supplies."

"I happen to be the office, store house, manager, office boy and all the directors," laughed Alice, "and I am tremendously pleased to get those back so soon. I sat up until twelve-thirty addressing them last night."

"Oh, I say—then I suppose you are Miss Caton." He hesitated for a second, then plunged boldly into his reason for appearing in person with the lost property. "I suppose you are just going out to lunch, but I wanted to make a proposition about that clip."

"Well, I wasn't exactly going out to lunch, but I was going to have some coffee. I have only the noon hour to get out—being a one-man office force. Perhaps—" she smiled up at young Woodward.

And when they sat at the marble counter, each with a steaming cup of coffee with thick cream floating on top and an enormous slice of chocolate cake beside them, Woodward plunged into his idea.

"You see, Miss Caton, I am an outside salesman working a few good stationery lines and I feel that I could sell a lot of those clips of yours—commission basis, of course. It looks like about the best paper clip on the market."

"It is," said Alice with conviction, "and I sell millions of them now, but I want to do a lot more. I am just struggling upward at the moment and could do with some outside salesmen—good ones—that is."

"I'm all that," laughed Woodward, "and if you want to save postage on this batch of envelopes, I will take this along with me. It will give me a bit of a start."

Alice laughed at his enthusiasm and felt a great wave of gratitude sweeping over her toward this very attractive young man. She had been feeling a bit in need of assistance if her business was to expand and had not known just how to go about it.

"I will have to attach all the clips first," she told him. "I put one of each size on the circular card so that the actual clip is seen and tested in the office."

"That's the stuff," exclaimed Woodward, "no use being mean in business. But it will take you a long time to do thousands of them, won't it?"

Alice sighed softly. "Yes, but—I have to do it. I can do hundreds in the evenings at home."

"Oh, I say—couldn't I help? I have only some uninteresting fellow boarders to spend the evenings with. I'd love to help you. Besides—the sooner we swing this batch into the offices the better."

Again Alice laughed. The "We" had come out so unconsciously.

"You are the kind of salesman I have dreamed about, but never hoped to find," she told him.

And Woodward found himself lost in contemplation of a future wherein the girl opposite him played a somewhat more intimate part than that of employer of a commission salesman.

Alice found herself, much to her annoyance, coloring under that regard—but somehow they both knew that a little paper clip on a lost envelope had given them each other as well as increased business.

Historical Inca City

An ancient Inca city was discovered about twenty miles north of Quito, Peru. One of the main buildings uncovered by the scientists is believed to be the Temple of the Sun where the mother of Atahuapa, last of the Inca rulers, was born. Atahuapa was strangled to death by Pizarro's men in 1533, after he had answered a demand to accept the Christian faith by flinging a Bible angrily to the ground. His death marked the end of the great Inca empire.

The Cart With Canvas Cover

By KATE EDMONDS

HILARY DICKSON snapped the lines across the back of the fat white pony attached to the small canvas-covered cart in which he was roaming the countryside. He was selling books, new ones, and now and then buying second-hand ones, usually first editions. There were not many of these, but he did not worry, for he had money enough to satisfy any man. He was seeking little adventures, getting next to humanity in life's open spaces, for Hilary Dickson was a writer of fiction.

He was sitting hunched over, the lines hanging loosely from his slack-ened brown fingers. He wore grey tweed knickers and a soft white shirt and well-polished tan shoes—one might have imagined that his clothes would grow shabby, driving around in the gay cart all day, but, of course, they did not know that Mr. Dickson always found some swimming pool night and morning, and that he had brought three dozen soft white shirts with him and that the cart held trunks of other clothing as well as a complete set of light housekeeping things, and also a fireless cooker.

So on this lovely morning, he was driving aimlessly along a green country road. The canvas-covered cart moved sedately on its way, always an object of friendly interest. Mr. Dickson was feeling very lazy and comfortable this morning. The commissary department was working well for all concerned. Had he not consigned to the fireless cooker a beautiful chicken pot pie, was there not ice in his tiny refrigerator?

So Hilary was singing "Tra-la-la-tra-la-la-la," in rather a growly voice when a snappy-looking state policeman halted the cart.

"Halt!" said the policeman.

"Sure enough!" retorted Mr. Dickson. "What can I do for you, officer? Or are we doing something wrong?"

"Do you know anything about Madeleine Wright, five feet five, curly brown hair, brown eyes, rather good looking, wearing light blue shirt, dark blue knickers, carrying a gun? Wanted by her stepfather, George Martine, of Little Lebanon."

"What is the charge, officer?" inquired Hilary.

"Incorrigibility — ran away from home."

Hilary laughed. "I'll bet you she's safe enough—probably ran away from stepfather—did that myself, sixteen years ago!"

"Move on," grinned the officer. "You're no help."

Hilary smiled on his way, drawn by the fat pony, his eyes speculative, his lips puckered into a whistle. The noontide drew near and the covered cart turned into a wooded path that evidently led to shade and coolness. When he reached a desirable spot where a tiny waterfall dropped from the heights above, Hilary drew rein, loosened the girths, and finally led the white pony to a spot where the grass was lush. He stood there in meditation for some time and then, getting back into the seat, glanced all around at the utter solitude of the woods. Then, he spoke guardedly, his face gazing meditatively toward the east but not glancing into the cart behind him. "Lost, strayed or stolen, Madeleine Wright, five feet five, brown hair, brown eyes, light blue blouse, dark blue knickers, packs a gun!"

Then, out of the gloom of the cart, behind him appeared a young face. Came a sweet little voice trembling with weariness.

"Of course, that is for my benefit—I stole into your cart this morning at eight o'clock, when I ran away from home and hid in the lane. If you would only let me ride until tonight, I am sure that I can reach Beatty, where my own uncle, Timothy Bruce, lives."

"And your mother? She will worry?" asked Hilary.

"Of course she will worry! But she cannot do anything for me when my stepfather is that way—he is unreliable, and we are afraid. He seems mad."

"You will find some dinner in the cooker there," said Hilary. "If you will help yourself and hand me a plateful and a cupful of coffee from the hot bottle there—keep under cover all you can."

So they ate a silent meal, and he heard the girl moving softly inside the cart. He told her about the deep, stuffed chair near the front of the cart, where she might take a needed nap, and the cart went on its way again, this time more briskly, with a definite object in view, for they had to make Beatty that evening and find Madeleine's Uncle Timothy Bruce so that the lovely young girl could have a safe shelter.

Then came twilight, a lunch eaten while the white cart hurried toward Beatty, and then, at last, they drove into the wide-open gate of the Bruce place. When Mr. Timothy Bruce took hold of anything, he ran it down to victory, so that the mad Mr. Martin was duly incarcerated in a private asylum, and his poor wife was finally restored to her normal health, and the great estate was sold. Of course, Mrs. Martin would want to live with her daughter Madeleine Wright Dickson, for of course, Madeleine fell in love with Hilary, who loved her at first sight. How could you expect a canvas-covered romance to end otherwise than happily?

Honor Graves of German Sailors

On a sloping hillside in Asheville, N. C., overlooking the French Broad river, a large blue granite marker has been erected to the memory of the men whose graves lie beside it—to the memory of the eighteen German sailors who died in Asheville during the World war while interned as enemies. The German ambassador has said that this is the first monument erected in America to the German soldiers or sailors.—Review of Reviews and World's Work.

Cocoons for Donald

By JANE OSBORN

MARDY DAWSON was riding along Black Duck road in a preoccupied mood. How could she take much note of the familiar scenery when only ten days more separated her from the much planned European trip with twelve months' study and travel? She would have ridden straight on without noticing the car at the side of the road or the young man who had alighted if it had not been for his remarkable antics. He was apparently intent on doing something to a young wild cherry tree that grew up from the roadside ditch.

Mardy reined in her horse a little as she approached.

"Couldn't I help you—at whatever it is you are trying to do?" she asked.

"Why, yes—thanks awfully. You see I'm trying to get that thing—that cocoon up there."

"But I can get it easily," laughed Mardy. With that she had turned her horse, deftly taken the small ditch with him and with the greatest ease plucked the branch that bore the coveted cocoon.

"Do you collect them?" asked Mardy drawing her horse back into the road. "Butterflies, I mean?"

"Not much, only there's a youngster up the road, a boy that ought to be playing football and hockey, but he's sitting off there in his room—crippled. He's turned his mind to butterflies and moths—and I promised to get some cocoons for him."

"Do you mean Donald Dawson?"

"That's the lad," said the young man sadly—"You don't happen to know the family?"

"I know the family well enough," flared back the girl, "to know that Donald was injured at football practice, but the Dawsons have spared no expense, and as for sitting off there in his room, why, he has a post-graduate hospital nurse with him all the time. He has a professional entertainer out from the city every week to amuse him, the local doctor comes every day and the Dawsons have the whole best specialist in the country."

"You seem to know the Dawsons well—perhaps the doctors are doing their humble best, but they'd do a lot more if that room up there on the hill was flooded with hope and inspiration. Professional entertainer once a week—pooh!"

The young man held out the cocoons, the one that the girl had plucked and a dozen more of his own culling. "You are Miss Dawson, of course. The resemblance between you and Donald is striking. May I ask you to carry these to the boy—your brother—and if you don't object to deception, say that you brought them of your own accord."

Mardy gave rein to her horse and, still holding the twigs gingerly, galloped at top speed back to the Dawson estate on the hill.

During her childhood and the lifetime of her mother, it had been their year-round residence. Then business had kept her father more and more closely confined to his duties in the city, an elder sister had married and gone away and Donald had gone off to prep school. The old place was then relegated only as a less and less frequently visited summer place. Then had come Donald's injury, and the doctors had ordered quiet residence in the country.

"But perhaps—" she thought as she left her horse with a waiting groom in the driveway—"perhaps after all I might cheer him up a bit," and without changing from her riding togs she bore her odd little offering of cocoons to his room. "I happened to find these," she told him.

The boy's pale face had brightened, his eager hands reached out for the treasure and the alert eyes and mind were at work identifying each of the little gray cocoons. He asked for his books on butterflies and moths and for a half-hour harangued his sister on the lore of the moth collector. Then the nurse came in quietly and announced Doctor Turnbridge, and Mardy left, promising to come back.

"It's all right, though," the boy had called to her, "Even when he has to hurt a little I don't mind—he's a regular prince."

In the hall Mardy stood aside to let the celebrated specialist pass. It was the stranger she had met on the highway.

A half-hour later when the doctor had come out of the sickroom and passed down the hall, Mardy was still standing there.

"I'm sorry for what I said," she said simply. "I want to tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for my brother—I've been thinking—unraveling that you, the great Doctor Turnbridge, should take time to gather cocoons just because we were too selfish to think about it—" here the young voice almost broke down, but she went on—"I have decided to stay home, right here with Donald until he is all better."

The doctor's voice wasn't quite steady when he replied, "That's all we need to win the fight."

And Mardy did stay—for ten long months. And then just when Donald was ready to go out again with nearly his former vigor she determined to postpone the European trip indefinitely, deciding that to marry a man like Dr. Homer Turnbridge was an even more wonderful and serious business in life than completing her musical education.

Reviving Old Manuscript

When writing or old manuscript has become faded and illegible it can frequently be restored by the following method. The effect on parchment is usually of a lasting nature, but fresh applications are necessary on ordinary writing paper. Lay the paper as flat as possible and dampen it evenly with clean cold water. Brush over the writing with a flat camel-hair brush dipped in a solution of sulphide of ammonia; when the writing will immediately appear plain and readable.

His Pony or His Girl

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

JIMMY was downcast and, as was his habbit when the blues attacked him, he told his little horse Monty all about it.

"You see, little hoss, this Kitty I'm engaged to doesn't care much about animals. She likes things quite different from the way I do. Her dad's got a job waiting for me in a Cheyenne shoe store and her ma's going to furnish three rooms in the upper story of their dinky little house. There won't be any place for a little hoss."

The two of them were making their leisurely way across the grassy range towards the once prosperous Circle Bar ranch. As the clump of cottonwoods sheltering the low buildings came into view, Jimmy changed his thoughts from his immediate troubles to memories of the past.

What good times he had had in that old ranch house! That was before its owner, Tom Goodrich, had died and his wife and daughter Ruthie had gone to visit relatives in the East. There was a girl that couldn't bear to be cooped up—or could she? Maybe she was enjoying it there in New York.

Then he nearly fell off his pony. There was some one moving in front of the ranch house.

As he drew nearer he saw that the person, whoever it was, was engaged in tacking up a sign beside the door, but not until many minutes later, after he had been swept into the embrace of Mrs. Goodwin and welcomed almost as warmly by her daughter, did he take in what the sign actually said.

"For rent—to desirable tenant."

Ruthie saw him staring at it. "We have decided to rent," she said sadly, "and make our home in Miles City."

Jimmy looked eager, then thoughtful. "I suppose a fellow could get a long-term lease with an option to buy?" he asked.

Mrs. Goodrich nodded. "Of course," she said.

Late that night Jimmy rode into Cheyenne but it was too late to call on Kitty.

The following morning, however, he went around to her house. Kitty, flustered at the early visit, led him into the tiny parlor where Jimmy sat stiffly on a sofa and told his plan.

"See here, Kitty," he said, "I've got the chance of a lifetime. Ranches is mighty hard to get hold of except to buy outright, with all them Easterners wanting to make dude ranches out of them. But the Goodriches want to rent their place on a long-term lease with option to buy when a fellow has made a little from his crops. I have a feeling I could make it pay big. Alfalfa and maybe corn, maybe, and a few shorthorns and later some hawgs. Isn't it a chance?"

Kitty regarded him coldly. "A chance for you or for me? Seems as if your best chance was with dad getting you that fine job with the Best Shoes store."

Tactlessly Jimmy spoke just what was in his mind. "If I took that and come to live in this place, I'd have to be somebody different from me. I'd have to sell Monty, too!"

Kitty rose with dignity. "Well, if you're trying to decide between me and your horse, I can save you the trouble. That's as if I had to depend on you, Jimmy Brown, to get me a husband. There's Joe Kendall just liking to step into your shoes!"

Jimmy stood up also, twirling his big hat on his long, sun-browned hand. "It isn't you and the hoss, Kitty. It's—it's the whole deal. It would nearly kill me to be shut up in four walls with nothing to do but put footwear on folks. I'd never get anywhere. But this way I'll be a sure-enough rancher some day!"

"Good luck," said Kitty pleasantly. "And now you must excuse me. I was out dancing with Joe last night and I sure am tired!" She yawned openly and unbecomingly.

Jimmy rode back to the Circle Bar. He found Ruthie kneeling in her neglected flower bed.

"Oh, Jimmy," she looked up at him wistfully. "I hope whoever gets this place will take care of the flowers, too!"

"Sure I will!" said Jimmy promptly. "Nurse 'em like they was babies."

"Sure you will! You!" Ruthie jumped up and grabbed his arm.

Jimmy nodded. "Sure, me. I'm your new tenant—if you'll let me be," he added humbly.

Suddenly, his little scene with Kitty seemed years away. All that mattered was the Circle Bar and his horse and Ruthie and the warm Wyoming sunshine in which they stood.

He found himself telling her all about Kitty. "I know it wasn't real love," he finished. "If it had been, I'd have been willing and glad to be a shoe clerk and live anywhere just to be near her. Why, the way I feel this minute I would be willing to do that very thing—for you, Ruthie!"

But he didn't have to. It was Ruthie herself who helped Jimmy become the successful farmer. It was Ruthie who married him and spent the rest of her life in the dear old house in which she had been born.

And sometimes, as the soft Western twilight swept over the plains, Jimmy would steal down to the corral and whistle to Monty. "Little hoss," he would say fondly, "this is the life!"

"Pilgrim Fathers"

The term "Pilgrim" is used in reference to the earliest immigrants to Massachusetts, but more especially to the settlers at Plymouth in 1620. The term must be distinguished from Puritan, which was that given to a body of religious reformers who sought to reform the Church of England. The Pilgrims were separatists from the first, who had already left England and formed an independent congregation in Leyden, whence they came to New England.

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ROTARY CLUB FIELD DAY

NAPANEE DRIVING PARK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14th

1933

Four BOXING, and One WRESTLING MATCH

Hardball at 3 p. m.

Gibbard's 1st Baseball Team vs. Brighton

SPORTS:

½ mile Relay Race, open
120 Yard Dash, open
Running High Jump
Boys' Race, under 16
Tug-of-War

½ mile Bicycle Race, open
Running Broad Jump, open
Married Ladies' Race
Girls' Race, under 16
Horseshoe Pitching

ADDED ATTRACTION!

OTTAWA Professional Hockey Players' SOFTBALL TEAM

vs.

NAPANEE ALL STAR TEAM

PAVEMENT DANCE

Market Square, 9 to 12 p.m.

Tickets from any member of Rotary Club.

25 Cents, - Admission to Park
25 Cents for Dance on Market.

SHEFFIELD COUNCIL

June 5.—Council met in regular session at 1 o'clock. All members present.

The Clerk read the minutes of last session, and they were adopted on motion of Lynch and Howe.

Moved by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Carroll, that By-Law No. 787 be amended by striking out the amounts of "six thousand dollars" and "three thousand dollars" and substituting therefor "four thousand five hundred dollars" and "two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars" respectively; and that further amendment be made by adding thereto the amounts to be expended on each road division. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Lynch and Harrison that Felix Courtyea be asked to remove any obstructions from the roadway on the boundary, which he placed, or caused to be placed there. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Howes and Mr. Lynch the Collector was credited with remittals of Chancey Clark's dog tax, $2.10, and John McAdams 1930 tax, as the latter was paid and receipted.

Moved by Mr. Harrison, seconded by Mr. Carroll, that the Clerk write The Globe Indemnity Co. and ask them to reconsider the claims of G. H. Richardson for damages to his car. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Howes, seconded by Mr. Lynch, that the Weed Inspector be paid $10.00 on account, and that he be required to put in an itemized account of his time. Carried.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: Tim Steele, $31.65, for grading roads; M. J. Hopkins, $9.90, and Tamworth Bakery, $2.44, for poor relief; C. L. Wagar, 98c.; John Garrett, $5.00; J. P. Flynn, $6.00; Chas. Detlor, grading, $18.00; Stan Brown, installing footlights, $30.00; Henry Snider, $4.00; Jas. Furlong, grading, $22.50; Thos. Hinch, $3.00; W. Hannah, $1.50; Clarence Lochhead, $6.00; W. Young, $8.40; W. B. Richardson, $18.75; Hugh Kearns, digging a grave, $5.00; also for sheep killed by dogs the following: Chas. Williams, $8.00; Jas. Donovan, $4.00; Arnold Kirkpatrick, $7.00; Thos. Milligan, $6.00; Dan. Hinchey, valuer, $3.25.

Council adjourned until the first Monday in July.

Because canned asparagus was being imported into Canada from the United States under conditions prejudicial to the interests of Canadian producers, an order-in-council directs the application of dumping.

NEWBURGH

The regular monthly meeting of the W.M.S. of the United Church was held on Thursday, June 8th, at 2.30 p.m., at the home of Mrs. D. Denison, with a good attendance. The president, Mrs. E. W. Lochhead presided. The meeting opened by repeating the W.M.S. Watchword in unison. Hymn. Prayer by Mrs. Anderson. Bible reading—each member quoted one verse of Scripture from memory. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved, business and discussion following. The President read a letter from F. J. Lockwood, of Brighton, a former member, thanking the Society for their letter and remembering her in her illness, which she very much appreciated. The Christian Stewardship Supt. read a piece, "The Joy Gift. Mrs. Anderson read a letter from Toronto, telling of children that they would like to give a two weeks holiday in homes in the country, and asking who would be willing to have one or two for that time. Several members read clippings on the work in Japan. Mrs. Anderson read an article by Margaret Addison, on three schools of Japan. Mrs. W. Cassada gave an interesting paper on the last part of the fifth chapter of the Study Book. The next chapter will be taken next month by Mrs. W. J. Ramsay. The July meeting will be held at Mrs. J. Wartman's. The meeting closed with the Mizpah Benediction.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies 'Aid of the United Church was held at the home of the Misses Shorey on Monday evening, with a good attendance, the president in charge. The meeting opened in the usual way. Hymn. Lord's Prayer in unison. Scripture reading, Psalm 1, by Mrs. W. J. Ramsay. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, followed by routine business. It was decided to hold a tea and sale of home cooking on Saturday, June 24th at the home of Mrs. W. Cassada from 3 to 6 p.m. The ladies also intend holding a picnic in July. The meetings will be discontinued during the months of July and August. The meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. Anderson. The hostess served dainty refreshments.

The final monthly meeting for this season of the Mission Circle met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gerow on June 1st, with the President, Mrs. Hugh Ramsay in charge. The meeting opened in the usual way, the special features being: Instrumental numbers by Miss Willelmina File and Mr. Robin Fluke. The president gave a summary of the third chapter of the Study Book, "Modern India." The lunch committee and the hostess served dainty refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson and Miss Margaret Watson of Vancouver, B.C., arrived on Saturday night to spend a month visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Clancy and other friends in the community.

Miss Eliza Paul is visiting her niece, Mrs. Chas. Tetford, Cobourg.

Mr. W. A. Hope, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. G. A Aylesworth and Mr. Aylesworth, for some time, left last week to spend a few days in Montreal.

Miss H. M. Paul spent a few days last week in Switzerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Asselstine, of Selby, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. Peters on Sunday.

We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cummings of Harrowsmith, back to our village to reside.

Miss Stella Pero had the misfortune to fall and break a bone in her ankle one day last week.

ROBLIN

Roblin W. I. met at the home of Mrs. John Smith on Thursday afternoon of last week with a good attendance of members and several visitors. Miss Cameron of Newburgh gave a splendid talk on Health, and Mrs. Hugh Ramsay, of Newburgh sang a solo accompanied by Miss Helen Scott of Forest Mills, on the guitar. Both were very much enjoyed by all.

Mrs. B. Busby of Napanee, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Fred McFarlane.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kimmett and family spent Sunday with relatives at Shannonville.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barham and son Alvin are sailing for England the 1st of July.

Mrs. Percy Pringle and baby, of West Plain, spent a day recently with Mrs. Frank McConnell, Sr.

MARLBANK

Mr. Amos Deshane is erecting a dwelling on the corner of Quest street, where fire destroyed his splendid hall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown of Cornwall, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. McCutcheon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A Carscallen and Mr. and Mrs. F. Bell of Tamworth, were recent guests of J. M. Carscallen.

T. Clare has returned to his summer home at Stoco Lake, after spending the winter with his niece, Miss Bessie Allen.

Mrs. Charles Burd is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Tom Busby, Lime Lake.

Messrs. Walter Lasher, Armie Peters and Andy Rickley are engaged erecting a barn for Henry Young at Ingle.

Mrs. E. Duffman, Belleville was the recent guest of her sister, Mrs. N. McCutcheon.

Say you saw it in The Express.

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

WASHINGTON . . . . . one industry

I was in Washington for a few days recently, and what impressed me most was the utter ignorance of the people of Washington about what is going on in the rest of the world.

Building industry is booming, constructing new Government buildings. Government employees are working every day, yelping mildly about a small reduction in salaries. Streets are crowded with cars, driven with the utmost recklessness and most inefficient traffic regulation. Stores are doing as good business as ever, at prices much higher than in New York. Rents are almost up to the highest level.

Washington has but one industry, the Government of the United States. It is so detached from the rest of the country that it might as well be in some other nation. It is difficult for the men who run the Government to realize how bad conditions are elsewhere, when they see evidence all around them of great prosperity.

I have long believed that it was a serious mistake to locate the seat of government away from the centre of ubsiness and industrial activity. If I could do it, I would move the Capitol and the White House to Chicago, which is where they ought to be if they are really to represent the American people effectively.

LAND . . . . . safest investment

In spite of the fact that many owners of real estate have suffered great losses in the past few years, land remains the safest, soundest investment in the long run. The supply is limited, for one thing. Increasing population means increasing demands for land. Every baby born on Manhatten Island increases the value of the Woolworth building.

The time to buy land is now. Dollars are high now; they will be much cheaper shortly. Land is cheap now; it will be much higher before long. The time to buy anything is when everybody else wants to sell. If you own land, hold on to it; if you have dollars, buy land with them for safety.

Don't speculate in land! Pay for it and hold it. Don't speculate in anything on which you can't always realize something at a moment's notice. You can't move land around; you must wait until someone wants that piece at that spot. So buy land intelligently, in the path of the movement of population. Regard is as an investment for your children rather than as a way to make yourself rich over night.

The world's greatest and most enduring fortunes have been made by buying land and holding on to it.

EDUCATION . . . . . learn to work

My friend Walter Lippman, who also writes a column, and curiously enough, picked the same title for it as this column of mine, wrote something recently which seems to me the best statement of its kind I have ever seen:

"The truly educative process," said Lippman, "consists in learning to deal with reality, that is to say with people and objects and events that are not the mere projection of one's own wishes. Education is a matter of putting away childish things, of discovering that events do not respond to words, of learning that the world is not in us but that we are in the world."

Most of us live in a world of "wishful thinking." We'd like to be rich, and we dream of what we would do if we were rich, but we aren't willing to take all the trouble and worry on ourselves that anyone must take if he is to attain riches. Education, as Mr. Lippman points out, ought to teach youth that it must work for what it gets.

Too many young people grow up these days with the idea that the world owes them a living. The world owes nobody anything for which he does not give a commensurate return in labor of one sort or another.

COMPETITION . . . . . new order

For a great many years the United States has been committed to the principal that free competition in business and industry is, in the long run, the best way to get ahead. We set up anti-trust laws to prevent combinations and insure competiton.

Everyone who has given the matter even a little thought realizes that the anti-trust laws have not worked as they were expected to. Competition has proved ruinous in many industries; in the soft coal industry, for example, where the owner of a coal mine had to work it himself if he was to get anything out of it at all, instead of combining with other mine-owners to produce only as much as the market would absorb and all share the profit.

All the signs point to the discarding of all regulations prohibiting trade combinations and the establishment under Government supervision of groups and associations of manufacturers and producers to fix prices and determine all other trade conditions.

That is, of course, going to make it harder for the ordinary man to get himself established in a competitive business or industry. It will result in the best men becoming employees instead of independent business men and the less than best dropping out of sight in the mass of humanity.

That may be better for the social order, if we conceive that to be a system under which all humanity will eventually occupy the same plane of activity and income, but I greatly fear that when we take any steps to stifle the initiative of the individual and to limit his opportunities we will be abandoning the fundamental principle that has made America what it is.

PAINTING!

Paperhanging—rooms painted and papered $5.00 and up. A-1 workmanship.

25-c H. CORNWALL.

The rose gardens of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, contain over 500 varieties.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Court of Revision was held in Municipal Hall, Selby, June 6th, 1933.

The members were all present.

After taking the necessary oath of office, they proceeded with the Court. The following appeals were heard:

Mrs. Olive Brown, assessment lowered from $900 to $700; Stewart Mowers, assessment lowered from $3100 to $2950, on land; Hiram Smith, assessment lowered from $200 to $175; Edmund Dowling, assessment lowered from $3700 to $3600, on land; Fred Weese, assessment lowered from $3500 to $2350, on land, his name being placed on the assessment roll as owner instead of D. Wegse, and he and his wife be put on the voters' list; Rupert Taylor, 12 acres assessed to him, and 70 acres assessed to Clem Taylor be assessed to Mrs. Bell and taken from their assessment, the Bell family to be added to voters' list.

Moved by Martin and Hartin, that whereas Dr. Tummon has appeared before the Court of Revision with reference to the matter of female dogs that he has operated on, and will operate on, during the next month, be it resolved that the Clerk be authorized, upon receipt of proper certificate of spraying operation, to place female dogs so operated on in the class with male dogs. Carried.

Court of Revision adjourned.

Council met after Court of Revision.

Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Moved by Doyle and Hartin, that J. E. Hudgin's pay sheet for month of May, amounting to $172.54, be paid and cheques issued to men on pay sheet. Carried.

Moved by Hartin and Winter, that Stewart Dafoe and wife be paid $80 for 20 days relief for McHenry family; H. Gourle, supplies for McHenry's, $10.29; Thompson Bros., supplies for J. Graham, $2.00 Carried.

Moved by Winter and Hartin, that VanLuven & Wartman be paid $60.00 for burial of the late Jas. McHenry. Carried.

Moved by Winter and Doyle, that By-Law 821 re relief, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by Doyle and Hartin, that Herrington, Warner & Grange be paid $20.00 for Treasurer's bonds. Carried.

Moved by Martin and Hartin, that Tax Collector's time be extended until July session. Carried.

Moved by Doyle and Martin, that the account of Masters & Tierney be filed. Carried.

Treasurer reported receiving Subsidy Grant on roads for 1932, $2756.69; and Relief cheque amounting to $60.51.

Council adjourned to meet July 4th, 1933.

H. A. WOOD.
Clerk and Treasurer.

NAPANEE CELEBRATES MONDAY, JULY 3rd. There will be 3 Horse Races—2.26 class, 2.27 class and Free-for-All. You will enjoy the holiday at the beautiful Driving Park.

Experiments have proved that potato-beetles are more readily killed immediately after hatching than at any other time.

Given the range of good pasture, a flock of geese requires little else, unless it is desired to force rapid growth or fattening.

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